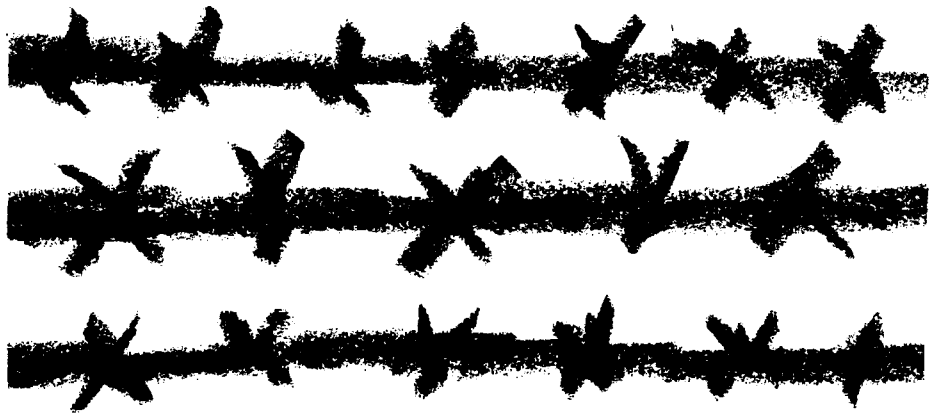
ST. CHARLES SEMINARY LIBRARY

Volume LXXXII No. 14 June 25, 1965 25 Cents

commonweal



CAN GERMANY BE UNITED?

Ronald Steel

THE SPECTER OF THE POOR

John P. Sisk

REVOLT OF THE LEFT-OUTS

Sidney Lens

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Contemporary Art

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: It is encouraging to read in your house advertisement that COMMONWEAL shall be devoting more space to the arts. Often I have been asked if a Catholic could swim the deep waters of contemporary art. I am certain COMMONWEAL's reply to such a question would be in the affirmative. Yet in your review of the Museum of Modern Art's exhibition "The Responsive Eye," you didn't even get your feet wet! Such meager confrontation of a vast "art movement" and a gigantic exhibition, I hope will not be representative of your treatment of the visual arts in future publications.

First of all, any validity to Miss Kaufman's effortless conclusions regarding so called "optical art," is affected by her apparent confusion of a basic distinction, that is, the separation on one hand, of all the existing multitudes of seen and unseen art works whose various similarities supposedly has fitted them into the popuar generalization, verbally labeled, "Op Art," from on the other hand, one Museum's selection of art works, grouped under the single dubious title, "The Responsive Eye." Consequently, Miss Kaufman's initial basic confusion causes the faults and limitations of this exhibition, on physical and intellectual levels, to become to her, the defects of a total "art movement." And her deduction of the "prime objective" based on her analysis of this one misleading, vague, exhibition title, leads her own following thoughts into a great deal of needless trouble.

Also her acute and excessive observations as to the general public's immediate reactions to this particular exhibition appears to have influenced and further weakened her own evaluation processes. The identity and role of an art critic obviously demands that he or she go beyond exhibition generalizations and mass response. If COMMONWEAL's critic would have done so, she would not have been able to also dismiss so easily this art exhibition, regardless of its numerous drawbacks. For this display contained many significant revelations and implications, whether intentional or not on the part of the "53rd Street crew":

1) the further fusion of painting and sculpture by many of today's artists;

2) the abundant exploration of new craft materials by many known and unknown artists;

3) the artist's conceptual changes in the relationship between the "experiencing person" and the art object;

4) that so called "abstract form" is entering another phase of experimentation, application, and meaning.

Regardless of our visual preferences, and a temptation for some of us to always try and put new art through the outmoded tests of traditional morality, the rich, imaginative, diversified visual approaches, and the occasional glimmer of stunning beauty within this embryonic school of art—as seen in other exhibitions and this museum show—should still make us wish for future opportunities to better view the works of these particular artists in separate, smaller, carefully selected groupings; in this manner, we can better observe and study their works, gaining new insights into their individual methods, attitudes, and objectives. And then only will it be possible to achieve that finer appreciation and understanding so necessary for intelligent formulation and discussion.

JOSEPH BELLANCA

Appalachia

Lexington, Ky.

To the Editors: We admire the compassion for underprivileged people of Appalachia which Stephanie Harrington exhibited in her article, "Appalachia – Beyond Free Enterprise," in the May 7 issue of your magazine. And we applaud you for bringing conditions to the attention of people who might help.

However, we are chagrined (to put it mildly) by the following statement in the article:

"(And since the UMW hospitals have been in private hands stories have been coming out of Appalachia that are shockingly reminiscent of the old Lil' Abner episode in which the nurse stood outside the hospital door barring the way to stretcher cases who couldn't put up collateral.)"

We must assume that Miss Harrington had reasonable proof of the accuracy of such stories, otherwise she would not have publicized such an indictment.

To our knowledge, however, the stories are untrue and inconsistent with the objectives of Appalachian Regional Hospitals, a non-profit organization which was created out of compassion for Appalachian residents sorely in need for more adequate medical and hospital care.

If any of the stories are true, we want to take steps immediately to prevent a duplication of circumstances which warranted them. Therefore, Miss Harrington can be of valuable assistance to us – and, more important, help the patients served by our ten non-profit community hospitals – if she will apprise us of the facts which justified her publication of the quotation cited above.

You might be interested to know that the ARH hospitals, during the first 14 months of their operation, provided nearly 10,000 days of patient care, worth in excess of $412,000, free of charge to persons who could not pay their hospital bills.

We are puzzled by this clause in Miss Harrington's article: "And since the UMW hospitals have been in *private hands* . . . " (underscoring ours). It may be helpful to her, in event she has occasion to write about our hospitals again, to know that no hospitals could be any more *public* than the ARH facilities, unless they were owned by government.

The ARH hospitals are truly community hospitals, open to everybody, regardless of race, creed or financial condition. ARH is an independent, non-sectarian organization headed by 29 trustees (from seven states and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

District of Columbia) dedicated to the welfare of the Appalachian mountain people. They hold the hospitals in trust for the people of the communities in which the hospitals are located. No other agency or organization holds or exercises a controlling interest in ARH. Our trustees represent a great variety of economic interests and numerous religious denominations. Furthermore, policy for each hospital is established by a Community Advisory Council of 14 to 20 outstanding leaders of the community, whose responsibility is to see that the hospital is administered in the best interests of the people.

In view of this explanation, you can readily see that the ARH hospitals are not in "private hands" in the sense of a corporation serving private interests, but actually are administered as a public trust.

Again, we will appreciate your cooperation in checking the validity of an indictment which we feel is most unfair and unjustified by the facts.

ED EASTERLY
Vice-President, Public Affairs,
Appalachian Regional Hospitals

Reply

New York City

To the Editors: I am grateful to Mr. Easterly for underlining so well, in his defense of the Appalachian Regional Hospitals, the main point of my article. That point was that the poor of Appalachia are not being involved in the redevelopment of their area. They are still forced to look, for jobs and social benefits like hospital care, to those very business interests in their communities which have been exploiting them. Mr. Easterly points out that "policy for each hospital is established by a Community Advisory Council of 14 to 20 *outstanding leaders of the community* [emphasis mine] whose responsibility is to see that the hospital is administered in the best interests of the people." Precisely. "Outstanding leaders of the community," yes; but in this era of recruiting the

(*Continued on page 453*)

EDITORIALS: 427
ON BEING TOUGH: *William Pfaff* **430**
IS SILENCE LOYALTY?: *James O'Gara* **432**
CAN GERMANY BE UNITED?: *Ronald Steel* **433**
THE SPECTER OF THE POOR: *John P. Sisk* **437**
REVOLT OF THE LEFT-OUTS: *Sidney Lens* **441**
VERSE: THAT WINDWORTHY HOUSE: *Bink Noll* **440**
THE STAGE: *Wilfrid Sheed* **444** **THE SCREEN:** *Philip T. Hartung* **446**
ETC.: *William James Smith* **446** **CORRESPONDENCE: 426**
BOOKS: 448

EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Editor* JAMES O'GARA: *Managing Editor*
DANIEL CALLAHAN: *Associate Editor* JOHN LEO: *Associate Editor*
PETER STEINFELS: *Assistant Editor* PAUL VELDE: *Assistant Editor*
WILFRID SHEED: *Drama Critic* PHILIP T. HARTUNG: *Movie Critic* JOHN FANDEL: *Poetry*
ROBERT BARRAT: *Paris* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN: *Rome* J. M. CAMERON: *Great Britain*
JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts.
Second-class postage paid in Philadelphia, Pa. Printed in the USA and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and from mid-July to mid-September, at 3rd & Hunting Park, Philadelphia, Pa. by Commonweal Publishing Co, 232 Madison Ave, New York, NY 10016
MUrray Hill 3-2042. Copyright © 1965 Commonweal Publishing Co, Inc.
US and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign $10 Single copies 25¢

THE CONNECTICUT DECISION

The action of the Supreme Court on June 7, declaring the Connecticut birth control law unconstitutional, was long overdue. Put on the books by Protestants in 1789, the law in recent years was maintained there primarily by Catholics. On the face of it, the law was, as one justice noted, just plain silly. It not only forbade the sale and distribution of contraceptives, it also made their use by married couples a criminal act. Naturally, this latter provision of the law was never enforced in recent decades. How could it be? But beyond that, it was an open secret that one could buy contraceptives with ease in any neighborhood drug store. The only people who felt the sting of the law were some members of the Planned Parenthood League who opened a birth control clinic in New Haven. In overturning their conviction by the courts of Connecticut, the Supreme Court was finally able to decide an issue which had smouldered for years.

From a legal point of view, the decision was a muddy one. As the two dissenters, Justice Stewart and Black, were quick to point out, the majority of the Court had some difficulty locating an amendment which would provide a clear constitutional basis for the decision. Justice Douglas' argument that "We deal with a right to privacy older than the Bill of Rights" is morally persuasive, but hardly designed to placate those who fear the Court has once again set itself up as a supreme legislative, rather than judicial body. For the moment, we leave that debate to others.

Of more immediate concern is the meaning of the decision for public policy. Though Connecticut was the only state which forbade the use of contraceptives, there still remain five others which totally prohibit their sale and advertisement, and eight more which forbid only their advertisement. With the exception, perhaps, of open advertising and sales to minors it is unlikely that any of these laws would remain on the books

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but for the opposition of Catholics. In practice, most of these laws are dead letters, unenforced and unheeded. Thus a *de facto* compromise is in effect. Some Catholics are able to have the solace of seeing their natural law convictions recognized by the civil law, while non-Catholics are unimpeded in doing what they see fit.

And that of course is a silly situation also. It makes a mockery of the idea of civil law, which should rest on public consensus or constitutional rights. To find a Catholic moral theologian who will any longer defend such laws would likely be a vain search. To find a non-Catholic who happily accepts the existence of such laws would be no less arduous a hunt. Yet the hue and cry continues to persist whenever state legislatures try to remove these anachronistic statutes. There is always some obscure Catholic "spokesman," often fronting for the local chancery, who fights to keep them on the books.

Why is this? The reason, we fear, has little to do with moral convictions and a careful weighing of the rights of majority and minority groups. Instead, it too often stems from a fear of the impact a change in the laws would have on discipline within the Church. If Church authorities agree to a change in the law, then —the argument goes—this will appear tantamount to a change in the Church's moral convictions on the issue. Once again that classic Catholic figure is evoked: the simple, unlettered peasant who is inherently incapable of grasping the theologian's distinction between moral and civil law. What ain't agin the law is OK—that's the way he is supposed to reason.

That man died long ago. And even if he has some descendants, the Church's pastoral problem of reaching their conscience should not be solved by sustaining laws which offend the moral sensibilities of non-Catholics. Who is fooled anyway? To discover there even exist anti-contraceptive laws in many states requires education and sophistication, but even the most ignorant know you can buy contraceptives anywhere.

If there was anything clearly unfortunate about the Supreme Court decision, it was the fact that a constitutional decision was required in the first place. With no violation whatever even of the most hoary Catholic jurisprudential principles, the Connecticut hierarchy could have ceased long ago opposing the almost yearly attempts to have the law changed in the Connecticut legislature. (The same can be said of similar obstructionist tactics in Massachusetts.) The entire round of court struggles was unnecessary, a dubious tribute to the power of a determined minority to impose their moral values on others. Will it happen again somewhere? Probably, for the Catholic community has learned its lessons slowly and in the hard way. The Supreme Court is an expensive tutor.

BUILD-UP IN VIETNAM

The Johnson Administration would have both the enemy and American critics believe that the current build-up of U.S. troops in Vietnam is not a provocative bit of escalation. The claim is plausible enough. With the monsoon season coming on, and with the South Vietnamese army coming apart at the seams, the increased American presence will be devoted to holding the line. One does not usually pin the label "escalation" to a desperate attempt to fend off total collapse.

According to estimates, it may take as many as 100,000 American soldiers in Vietnam to accomplish this essentially political purpose. The Administration is committed to negotiations, and naturally enough, is concerned that by the end of the monsoon season there will still be something left to negotiate about. Having repeatedly made an open commitment to negotiations, the United States cannot so easily avoid the kind of shoring up necessary to bring them about. A commitment of 100,000 U.S. troops, under the conditions that prevail, would be defensive and political. It is only a fraction of the number of soldiers that would be needed to defeat the Viet Cong at the usually accepted 10-1 ratio of regulars to guerrilla forces. Despite what some American critics believe, the job of the U.S. forces is not to defeat the guerrillas, but to show them that they cannot win, and therefore must negotiate.

The Johnson Administration is apparently striving to convince all that this build-up is limited and essentially defensive. And well it might. It need not be, but can be, the beginning of the massive land war that the U.S. must avoid. If North Vietnam throws in its 300,000-man army, at the 10-1 ratio the victory which Barry Goldwater calls for would take a million American soldiers for every 100,000 of the enemy. Are we willing to pay this price for our aims in Vietnam?

The difficulty for those who believe negotiations are the only way out is that every step President Johnson takes to bolster the sagging situation in the South makes it more difficult for us to back down, should the bid for negotiation never be accepted. The bombings of North Vietnam are the most obvious example. They were not only based on the dangerous assumption that North Vietnam controlled the war in the south, but on the disastrous guess that the threat of destruction from the air would quickly bring about negotia-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions. What to do now? To bomb Hanoi and other civilian and industrial centers would probably make negotiations impossible. We are currently holding these targets hostage. If we bomb them, North Vietnam might well conclude it has nothing more to lose by hurling its army into the south. On the other hand, a complete halt in the bombing, though clearly less dangerous, would remove the most obvious, if debatable, symbol of America's determination not to lose in Vietnam. At this point it is important that the Viet Cong, North Vietnam and China not misread any of the signs. The best course, it appears to us, is to reduce the bombing to the level of regular, if widely spaced, harassment. Given the decision to bomb in the first place, we should probably not give it up entirely as long as we are pinning our hopes on negotiations.

This, however, like the shoring up of the ever-disheveled South Vietnamese army, obviously cannot go on forever. What will we do if, after the monsoon season and the reassertion of American air cover, the enemy still refuses to negotiate? Will we launch the bloody land war that nobody wants, and that could bring American casualties on the scale of World War II? Will we gamble that South Vietnamese and Americans will tolerate a 15- or 20-year guerrilla war? Or will we simply leave in humiliation, like the French? Great powers usually cannot tolerate such complete defeats—the assertion of power depends on credibility. Yet we can no longer avoid examining all the unpalatable alternatives to negotiation. No one likes any of them, but one must be chosen if negotiations do not come about.

A CUBAN LESSON

Not long ago, under the aegis of Minister of Industry, Che Guevara, Cuba embarked on a policy of speedy industrialization with de-emphasis on the production of the sugar that grows there so readily. In spite of the exhortations of Fidel Castro and the presence of Soviet technicians, this effort to achieve greater self-sufficiency in food and manufactures ended in far-reaching failure. Doubtless our embargo and partial blockade were partly responsible.

The absence of Che Guevara from the public eye during the past three months may be ascribed more to the failure of this economic program than to Castro's present unwillingness to go as far as Guevara in espousing a hard pro-Peking line. In any case Cuban industrialization has gone into reverse, restoring the emphasis on agriculture. This has harmonized well with Castro's continuing interest in his experimental farms, his efforts to build up his country's production of cattle, eggs and poultry and his concern with the national diet and public health.

To succeed in revising agricultural production the Cuban leader has had to overcome severe obstacles. He had to contend with chronic shortages of farm labor and modern farm machinery. As in other Latin American lands, reluctance on the part of urban youth to engage in manual labor is widespread, while Cuban transport is forever breaking down for lack of parts. Now, spurred on by Castro's personal example of strenuous cane-cutting—and by dint of large numbers of city "volunteers"—Cuba has apparently succeeded in producing a bumper sugar crop after years of comparatively meager harvests.

But at this very juncture the market price of sugar has fallen from over eleven to less than two cents a pound. Presumably Russia and China are still committed to pay six cents, but at least one-fifth of this year's crop needs to be sold to countries outside the Communist orbit.

We cite these developments not necessarily to suggest that the time has come for inaugurating a quiet, long-range program of building up some sort of accommodation with our Cuban neighbor. But they show unmistakably what it means to rely primarily on a one-crop economy, as many Latin American and other underdeveloped countries still do. Latin America's plight points to the immediate need for more effective international commodity boards that would, when necessary, subsidize the producers of depressed-price raw materials. It also points to the need for stepping up industrialization and coordinating regional trade policies in those lands. As long as peoples remain heavily dependent on their exports of one or more raw materials, whose prices rise and fall in response to the iron law of supply and demand, their appalling current poverty can only deepen.

SUMMER DOLDRUMS

Passions on the domestic front give the appearance of being a good deal cooler at the beginning of this summer than during the same period last year. The riots that punctuated the hot weeks preceding the National Conventions seem much less likely twelve months later, despite some talk to the contrary and precautions being taken quietly by police in the major cities.

For this, we have the passage of the Equal Opportunity Act to thank, and the efforts of civil rights leaders

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to channel protest into legal activities. But to imagine all is well is to misunderstand, or to ignore, the basic causes of the discontent that led to last summer's troubles and which today remain almost unchanged.

Tenements in the Northern ghettos are still crumbling, overcrowded, rat-infested habitations, with no promise of change despite President Johnson's message to Congress on housing. Another disappointment is the Appalachian Regional Development Act of 1965. Although the act has nothing to do with big city slums, its approach to the problem of poverty illustrates the same conservative economics that go far to reduce the war on poverty to a rhetorical exercise. The program, according to one of its directors, "is designed to provide that kind of investment which comes about when entrepreneurs have faith in their region to make an investment, following the traditional patterns of this country."

The most expensive item in this design, then, is, not surprisingly, a huge road-building program. In the long run it cannot help but benefit the region's poor; in the meantime it provides a windfall for contractors, while other investment-inducing provisions grant large sums of federal assistance to "landowners, operators, and occupiers," under a ten-year conservation agreement. Those least in need will benefit first, and probably most, while those most in need must wait.

It is hard to believe that the President's housing message could be more discouraging, yet it is. Admitting that two million new homes a year will be needed by 1975, the President proposed an increase of 35,000 new units of public housing per year for the whole country. He urged the creation of a Department of Housing and Urban Development; but on urban renewal, although he asked for greater concentration on "the development of residential areas," nowhere in his rhetoric did he disturb the very forces that are keeping the poor in the slums. 35,000 units is too little to push low-cost housing into white residential areas, nor will it affect landlords who rely on the housing shortage to gouge tenants and neglect repairs and maintenance. The program does not insure bank loans for low-cost construction, or a change in union discriminatory apprenticeship practices.

The housing program is another boon to the construction industry, with little help going to those not already in the middle-income brackets. It falls well within the "traditional patterns of this country," and no doubt that is what President Johnson has in mind when he talks consensus. But we sometimes wonder what kind of Great Society it is he hopes to create. It is hard to conceive of any consensus that would include the poor, or of any Great Society that would exclude the least of its members.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

ON BEING TOUGH

Toughness, toughmindedness—there are fashions in political controversy and these words have come to provide a hinge for certain issues being debated today. They are legitimate terms, but they are also largely undefined in the contemporary political context, serving to distinguish those who believe that political action necessarily involves violence from those who shrink from international violence, but also words claimed by those who support an interventionist foreign policy as against those who oppose it.

It may be that it is a waste of time to say anything about the words used in debates of this kind since definitions require a consensus which is unlikely to be granted, and more important because the terms symbolize commitments which are not only intellectual but also emotional. In a strict sense the language of these controversies is conventional. Toughmindedness in William James' definition—a kind of dispassionate pragmatism of perception and thought—is not necessarily what anyone is talking about.

But take toughness in politics in a very general sense. There is the willingness to ship people about in trunks. This can be done by thugs or psychotics, but it can also be done by serious men. I once dealt with a gifted Middle Eastern officer and ostensible diplomat who would, I am confident, have shipped me to Cairo in a box had it seemed a useful thing to do, but there are Americans who would do the same thing. Their rationalizations undoubtedly would be different. The Middle Easterner was a practical man. The Americans, I think, were puritans. But more on that later.

There is another kind of toughness, the ideological toughness which has narrowed commitment to a fine edge by which all life is cut. This is a European toughness, but it is to be found today in a good many places outside Europe. There is another kind of European

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toughness. I think of a particular Frenchman and an Englishman, the one a soldier and the other a journalist. The Englishman had served in the war with Wingate, the Frenchman had been as OSS operative, had taken U.S. citizenship, and I met him in Special Forces in the late 1950s. Both were highly intelligent, cynical, brave and both were romantics—little Lawrences. Lawrence was tough, most of all with himself, capable of inspiring others and of sacrificing them. But was he toughminded? It was romanticism about the Arab cause, about politics, which broke him—as later it was to break those French military rebels in Algeria who wanted to remake France in the intensely romantic pattern of military comradeship and their experience in the first Indochina War of Asian revolutionary zeal.

Toughmindedness, if it has a meaning in politics, surely is anti-romantic and unneurotic. Talleyrand and Machiavelli professed to be without political illusions or causes. Machiavelli said that men and nations seek success as an absolute imperative. "He who has no position in life," Machiavelli said, "cannot even get a dog to bark at him." Talleyrand served Louis XVI, the Republic, the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the restored Bourbons, and Louis-Philippe. He could say of the governments he served, "I abandoned none before it abandoned itself."

Talleyrand was a realist, and amorality was the indictment issued against him. He was amoral in political action but his avowed political principles were legitimacy and reasonable liberty—a modest and sensible list. "My pretended crimes," he also said, "are the dreams of imbeciles. . . . Crime is the resource of political half-wits." "I have never given evil counsel to a government or to a prince; but I do not share their fall. After shipwrecks there must be pilots to save the victims. I have presence of mind and I guide them to some port; little matter what port provided that it shelters them." In old age and bad health he determined to deliver a major public oration. His doctor said that he would not answer for the consequences. "Who asked you to answer to them?" was his reply.

American Tradition

This, I think, deserves to be called toughmindedness. It is also a political attitude alien to Americans, and a recommendation of Talleyrand's or Metternich's political conduct is a certain provocation of controversy over the deepest values of American public life. The fact is that the American political tradition is puritan. Our foreign policy has always reflected a puritan view, with little sympathy for the aberrations or selfishness of other nations, and little attention to our own. It has also expressed a progressive or perfectionist view of history, originally Enlightenment, latterly a Wilsonian romanticism about world organization and order. Neither is reconcilable with Talleyrand's view of the real character of politics and history. It is, though, less difficult to combine them with expediency in action.

The kind of toughness which puritanism can produce is crusading toughness—Cromwellian toughness, but something worse, an effective and Manichean denial of the moral value of an identified national enemy and a willingness to use extreme, if impersonal, violence to extinguish what is perceived not as political wrong but as moral evil. This attitude is made easier in a day when the instruments of national action and of war tend increasingly to be technological and thus impersonal.

But these are much discussed points, commonplaces of American political analysis. We know that we are puritans and tend to turn politics into moral combat. That does not, however, stop us from doing it. Being what we are we do well not to behave otherwise: which brings us back to toughmindedness. It is a matter of fact and of self-congratulation that we not only have no Machiavellis in our history, but no Caesars or Napoleons or even Bismarcks. We recoil from their versions of political expediency. We would undoubtedly make a mess of it were we to try to play the imperial game. But it may be that we are doing that today.

Possibly the most useful thing to be said is to insist on the difference between toughness in action—which is not at all hard to achieve; romantics, neurotics, ideologues, and thugs do it—and toughness of intelligence and analysis. The most powerful objection made today to America's Santo Domingo intervention is not that it was a crime but that it was stupid. The objection to our Vietnam policies is not that they involve violence but that they make war senselessly, on a basis of bad specific analyses of Vietnam and bad generalizations about international Communism, and in pursuit of invalid if not unattainable goals. The objection to some of our recent European policies is not that they coldly employ American power and influence to shape European developments but that the conception of the developments that are possible is naive.

Our problem is not really the one that the "toughmindness" debate says much about. It is the wrong argument at the wrong time, and it emphasizes not brains but zeal—the zeal which Talleyrand deplored. As he told a young diplomat, "in our career zeal is only harmful."

WILLIAM PFAFF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

IS SILENCE LOYALTY?

President Johnson says he wants public dialogue, but he is notoriously thin-skinned. Secretary of State Dean Rusk says the professors are talking "nonsense about the nature of the struggle" in Vietnam and wonders at "the gullibility of educated men and the stubborn disregard of plain facts by men who are supposed to be helping our young to learn—especially to learn how to think." And in this season of teach-ins on Vietnam and of student discontent in general, McGeorge Bundy told the graduating class at Notre Dame that "those who are the least learned make the most noise."

I doubt that such views are limited to Messrs. Johnson, Rusk and Bundy. It might well be that the majority of the American people would support their views. That those on the inside of the Administration would find it more comfortable if there were no debate on foreign policy is clear enough. Why, though, should other Americans buy this thesis?

There is a problem in the whole question of foreign policy debate. Lacking a long tradition in these matters —such as Great Britain's, for example—we have up to now just not got the hang of it. "Politics ends at the water's edge," we say, and this statement is normally taken as an expression of patriotic virtue. But what exactly does it mean and how helpful is it? It may be that most Amercians are united on our present foreign policy goals if these goals are stated in large, general terms. But should this fact mean an end to politics, which involves a search for appropriate means? Should it mean silence here at home?

Communist aggression and subversion have to be met, but how? How is the cause of freedom to be advanced? Can we exploit the split between Russia and China? Is our present policy drawing the two Communist giants closer together and pushing North Vietnam into waiting Chinese arms? How can the spread of Communism in the Western hemisphere be checked? How far will Marine diplomacy take us? What is our long-range estimate of China's role in the world? These are the hard questions, and saying that politics should stop at the water's edge brings us no closer to the answers.

As it is usually interpreted, at least, all we get from "keeping foreign affairs out of politics" is the illusion of agreement. This result may make us all feel more secure, and I suppose this is a nice feeling for the men in Washington, but it really does not help us. It only papers over real differences and prevents that discussion and debate which could lead to better policies and a stronger, more effective position abroad.

I suppose the original purpose behind the notion that policies should stop at the water's edge was national unity, and this was a good enough idea as far as it went. After Pearl Harbor, for example, the one-time isolationists and America-Firsters closed ranks with the rest of the country to back the war effort, and this was a good and necessary thing. Nonetheless, the need for national unity should never be used to silence discussion of the nation's war aims and general strategy. In point of fact, though, it seems to me this is exactly what did happen during World War II; even such concepts as total victory and unconditional surrender were never adequately debated, let alone our attitude on obliteration bombing. The results of this failure were inevitably bad, for us as a nation and for the cause of world peace.

When people talk about foreign policy, they sometimes refer to the need for a "loyal opposition." The trouble is, though, that "loyal" is often taken to mean "silent," and this misreading has the effect of putting an end to discussion before it begins.

What we lack is not so much loyal opposition as responsible opposition. On this score neither political party has much to boast about. The Republicans failed to provide a responsible war-time opposition to President Roosevelt, and the Democrats didn't exactly cover themselves with glory during the Eisenhower years. Now it is the Republicans' turn again, and as far as I can see things have not changed much. The Republican party puts forward no positive alternative policy; it simply holds its fire, waiting to attack if President Johnson's policies end in failure. That way the GOP takes no responsibility and, at least in theory, cannot lose politically no matter what happens.

As I see it, responsible opposition would spell out specifically the course it would follow if it were in power. Similarly, to turn it around, a responsible person would never urge on the President any course he would not himself follow if he were in Mr. Johnson's shoes. With these qualifications, then, and no matter what Dean Rusk and McGeorge Bundy might think, now is the time for the loyal opposition to be heard, on Vietnam, on the Dominican Republic, and on a host of other matters.

JAMES O'GARA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAN GERMANY BE UNITED?

The realities of a divided Europe

RONALD STEEL

Out of sight and often even out of mind, the problem of German reunification is rarely out of the headlines. Reappearing most recently as a result of the imbroglio on the access routes into Berlin and the low comedy of Ulbricht's tour of the Pyramids, it is the one legacy of the Second World War which defies solution and refuses to be forgotten. The dispute over Germany gave rise to the cold war, and now the cold war itself has become the major obstacle to a settlement of the German problem. Split into hostile parts and rival alliances, a divided Germany is the symbol of a divided Europe.

After twenty years of separation, the two Germany's have developed such different identities, and their loyalty has become so important to their nuclear protectors, that the question of reunification has come to seem more like a ritual incantation than a serious proposal. The Russians have not shown the slightest intention of turning over the eastern zone into Bonn's hands, while Bonn, for its part, refuses to accept anything less, and indeed even to recognize that another Germany exists. The United States swears its allegiance to reunification in order to keep West Germany loyal to NATO, but in the knowledge that it is unlikely so long as NATO is necessary. Even the West Germans themselves seem to prefer the fruits of their *Wirtschaftswunder* to the dubious benefits of an early reconciliation with their Communist brothers in the eastern zone.

RONALD STEEL, *who has contributed frequent articles to these pages, is the author of* The End of Alliance (*Viking*).

Yet however distant, and even unlikely, reunification remains a German preoccupation. Particularly among politicians, and particularly in this election year where as a political issue it has the double advantage of being beyond reproach and, for the time being, beyond attainment—which means that it can be praised without bothering to think about the price tag it might carry. Only last month Chancellor Erhard again repeated the call for "self-determination"—which in effect means the surrender of Pankow to Bonn—while socialist opposition leaders Willy Brandt and Fritz Erler went to Washington where they reminded the Western allies of their promise to restore German unity.

Bundestag's Adventures

As official inauguration for the electoral season, the politicians in Bonn persuaded the reluctant Western allies responsible for the safety of Berlin to let them hold a meeting of the Bundestag in the former all-German capital—an event which peeved the Russians sufficiently to halt traffic on the autobahn and bring Berlin back into the headlines after a long and merciful absence. Whatever its questionable contribution to the cause of German reunification, the parliamentarians' voyage from Bonn to Berlin was a splendid gesture which displayed the daring of the politicians without in any way obliging them to come up with any concrete ideas on how the two Germanys might be brought together again. That, according to Bonn, is a job for the Western allies—not for the Germans themselves.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the meantime, the Federal Republic continues to pursue the same policies toward East Germany and the satellites which have made reunification unthinkable until now and extremely unlikely in the foreseeable future. Those policies are based upon the declaration that the government which sits in Bonn is the only legal government of the German people, and that the regime in Pankow is an illegal creation which has no right to exist. On the economic level this turns out not to mean very much since the two Germanys carry on a lively trade with one another. On the diplomatic level, however, it means that Bonn refuses to recognize the Communist government in East Germany and will have no official diplomatic relations with any nation, the Soviet Union excepted, which exchanges ambassadors with the Pankow regime. This is the so-called Hallstein Doctrine.

Since the Federal Republic's economic power is very great, it has managed to prevent the East Germans from setting up embassies anywhere outside the Communist bloc. But it has not been able to prevent Pankow from opening trade missions and offices in 24 countries—ten of them members of NATO, nor from becoming the seventh most powerful industrial nation in the world. As an instrument of policy it has been about as successful, and about as useful, as America's ability to keep Red China out of the United Nations. It has been, in other words, the triumph of an abstract principle over an unpleasant reality. And as in most cases where an abstract principle is allowed to dictate policy, it has worked against the very interests which it was supposed to further. Rather than causing East Germany to shrivel up and go away, it has increased the determination of the Russians to keep Germany divided and has blocked any liberalizing tendencies within the Pankow regime itself. At the same time it has cut the Federal Republic off from normal diplomatic relations with the nations of eastern Europe and fed the fears of German "revanchism" that Moscow so assiduously cultivates.

The Hallstein Doctrine was bound to collapse eventually from its own irrelevance, but what could not have been foreseen was that it would meet its end in the tangled politics of the Middle East. Cleverly manipulating it for his own ends, Nasser was able to blackmail Bonn by threatening to recognize Pankow unless the Federal Republic stopped its arms shipments to Israel. Trapped by the rigidity of the Hallstein Doctrine, Bonn could not dare Nasser to carry out his threat without scuttling its whole eastern policy. But although the Hallstein Doctrine remains officially in place—at the price of embarrassing diplomatic contortions for the Erhard government— its foundation has been so undermined that not much more than an empty shell remains. But as Walter Lippmann has commented, the shipwreck of the Hallstein Doctrine may be a blessing in disguise if it forces Bonn to face some hard realities.

Fiction of "Self-determination"

The first of these realities is that the official policy which calls for reunifying the two Germanys through free "self-determination" is an elaborate fiction. Although solemnly supported by the Federal Republic and all its NATO allies, it rests upon a conception of cold war politics so profoundly unrealistic that it can hardly be taken seriously. Taken at face value it means that East Germany must dissolve itself into the Federal Republic—which is only conceivable by the defeat of the Soviet Union in war. Since no sane person in either camp has the slightest desire to engage in such a war, in effect it is simply a policy of posturing and empty slogans. As an instrument of reunification it is less than useless; it is self-deluding.

The second reality is that the Russians have a vital interest in keeping Germany divided. The existence of a Communist East Germany is the key to their whole security position in Europe, for in their eyes, and with the lessons drawn from their history, only by keeping Germany divided can they hope to contain German power. Having been twice invaded by Germany during the past fifty years, the last time at the cost of 20 million lives, they have no desire to see a united Reich—whatever its political complexion. If the Russians were to let go of East Germany their whole satellite empire would probably break up, and with it the *cordon sanitaire* they won at such cost during the Second World War.

This is why speculation over a second Rapallo-type accord between Russia and Germany has such an unrealistic ring. Even if the West Germans were willing to sabotage the Common Market and order American soldiers home in exchange for the eastern zone—which is inconceivable under present circumstances—it is hard to think of a single reason why the Russians would agree to it. Not because they want to break up NATO, for a US-dominated Europe is their best guarantee against German adventurism. And not because a united Germany would turn Communist, because in the first place West Germans outnumber East Germans three to one, and in the second place because a Communist Germany is all the Russians need on top of their present headaches with a Communist China.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

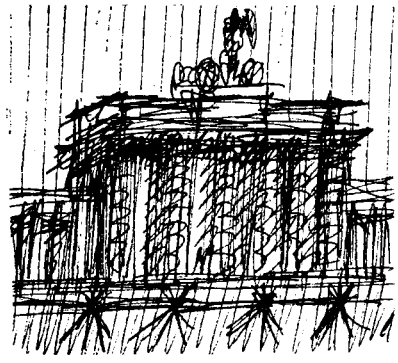
A new Rapallo means that instead of two Germanys, one under their own iron grip and the other under American restraint, they would face a united Reich of 75 million Germans subject to nobody's control at all. What kind of a bargain is that?

The third reality is that reunification could throw into jeopardy the Federal Republic's economic, military political integration into the West. Today West Germany is the fulcrum of the Common Market, the leading military power in western Europe, America's key partner in the Atlantic alliance, and the essential foundation of any European political union. These institutions of Western unity are direct products of the cold war which came into being because Germany was divided. Precisely because of her partition it has been possible at last to find a place for Germany in Europe where she neither threatens nor dominates her neighbors. Cut off from Prussia and the temptations of a *drang nach osten,* the Federal Republic has been able to orient itself toward the West, contain inherent German authoritarianism, create for the first time an effective parliamentary government, and win the respect and the trust of her allies. Partition has brought Germany not only prosperity, but democracy as well.

A Neutral Germany?

To seek reunification is to throw those ties into question and to take a more neutral position between East and West. Is Germany, is Europe, ready for this? Certainly Konrad Adenauer didn't think so, which is why he turned down Stalin's veiled 1952 offer to hand over the eastern zone in exchange for German neutrality. Suspicious of everything that Berlin stood for in German history, the crafty former Chancellor made the usual ritual speeches about reunification but concentrated his energies on tying the Federal Republic to the West.

The fourth reality is that despite official talk of Germany's "tragic" partition, there are few outside of the Federal Republic—and perhaps not even very many there—who find it tragic, or even particularly undesirable. With memories, and scars, of the three wars Germany inflicted on them since her unification less than a century ago, the nations of Europe are not eager to speed the creation of a unified Reich stretching from the French border to the Polish plains. What is true for Germany's allies in the West is true ten times over for the satellites of eastern Europe with which the Federal Republic refuses even to have normal diplomatic relations. Traditionally fearful of German aggression, they have nowhere to turn but to Moscow for protection against a revived German nationalism. Nor do they consider these fears academic, since the Federal Republic still refuses to renounce its claims to territories which since 1945 have been part of Poland, Czechoslovakia and even Russia herself—and only last month again told the Poles they have no right to consider the Oder-Neisse line as their permanent frontier with Germany.



The fifth reality is that the creation of a single German-speaking nation was never written in the stars or even in the history books. Although we consider it normal that there must be one Germany, the reality is that Germany has existed as a single nation only from 1871, when Bismarck unified it by the sword, until 1945 when it disintegrated as a result of its own mad obsessions. Germany has now been divided for 20 years—which is eight years longer than Hitler's Thousand Year Reich. For the Germans reunification is not a necessity, it is a choice. And like all choices it means that some things have to be sacrificed in order to gain other things.

The sixth reality is that during the past 20 years East Germany—totalitarian, unnatural and illegal though it may be—has developed loyalties and an identity of its own which can neither be eliminated nor easily mixed with the democratic capitalism of the Federal Republic. Mostly by its own efforts it has built an economy second only to Russia in the Communist bloc—and with even a foreign aid program of its own, which Ulbricht used so cleverly in Egypt. As the London *Times* has commented: "It is not too much to speak of the growth of an East German national feeling which manifests itself, even on the part of the most confirmed anti-Communists, in pride in their tears, their toil, and their achievements, in spite of war, dismantling, reparations (still continuing in disguised form) and more than 30 years under the repressive hand of dictatorship."

What does reunification mean in such a context? What would happen if an East Germany, socialist in economics, totalitarian in government, Protestant in reli-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gion, and Communist by indoctrination were suddenly thrown into a Federal Republic with a free enterprise economy, conservative in politics, predominantly Catholic, and Western in orientation? Might there not be a convulsion which would make the present situation seem idyllic by comparison?

It is becoming obvious that if the Germans want reunification (for certainly no one else does) they will have to work for it themselves. This means above all putting to rest the instinctive fears on both sides of the Iron Curtain of a unified Reich.

On the practical level it requires, first, that Germany accept her 1945 frontiers as permanent and renounce claims to territories which could only be gained through war. Second, the Germans must resist the temptation to put their hands on atomic weapons no matter how they are disguised. As the furor over the MLF showed, nothing so cements the Communist bloc and Russia's determination to hold on to the eastern zone as the possibility of a nuclear-armed Germany. Third, Germany would ultimately have to pull out of any exclusively Western military alliance, since it could hardly expect to have NATO and reunification as well. As Z. K. Brzezinski has pointed out in an important study of reunification in the April issue of *Encounter*: "The problem of the German partition has become critically linked to the problem of the European partition, and neither can be resolved without the resolution of the other."

Lucrative Eastern Markets

This view is gradually being recognized in the Federal Republic, particularly among the Ruhr industrialists who all along have supported Schroeder's bridge-building program to the satellites as an opening to the potentially lucrative markets of the east, and among younger Germans who would turn the Hallstein Doctrine on its head by wooing East Germany with trade and credits in hopes of transforming it into a more liberal regime with greater independence from Moscow. At the end of that road they envisage an eventual confederation of the two German states along lines not very different from those that Pankow has favored all along.

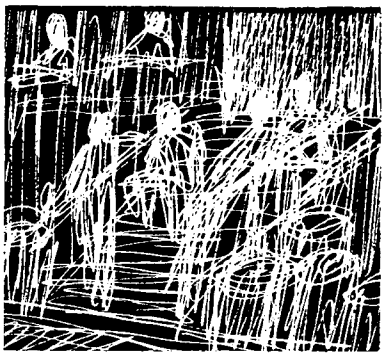
The gadfly Free Democrats recently added their bit by calling for diplomatic ties with the satellites—blasting another hole in the crumbling Hallstein Doctrine—and for a German peace conference including representatives from the *two* Germanys, which would be a revolutionary step toward admitting that "the other" Germany exists at all.

Although this kind of myth-raking is still hesitant, it is along the same lines as General de Gaulle's plan for reuniting Germany through the unification of Europe. Unveiling the outline at his February 4 press conference, the General reminded the Germans of some unpleasant facts, among them: that they must accept their 1945 frontiers as final, that reunification without strings is impossible, that their country is divided as a result of the war they unleashed in which 40 million people were killed and 10 million exterminated in concentration camps, and that reunification can only come when the fears of Germany's neighbors are put to rest. To make German unity tolerable de Gaulle would dilute it in a confederation stretching from the "Atlantic to the Urals" in which the increasingly independent satellites, and eventually even Russia herself, would join western Europe in balancing German power.

To the Germans, who are already having trouble walking the tight rope between a US-directed "Atlantic community" and the shaky new alliance with France, he offers an excruciating choice: either join France in building a "European Europe" which alone seems to hold out any feasible hope for reunification, or else remain under America's thumb and force France to work out her own security arrangements with Russia. In place of a dying NATO he suggests a concert of European powers holding a new Congress of Vienna in which Germany—like post-Napoleonic France—would help shape her own future. A bold scheme, and a dangerous one, but full of fascinating temptations and possibilities, and one which above all has the virtue—paramount in Gaullist eyes—of restoring the fate of Europe to the Europeans themselves. Who, one wonders, would play the German Talleyrand in the coming settlement with Russia over the outstanding issues of the Second World War? Ludwig Erhard? Willy Brandt? Erich Mende? The comparisons become ludicrous. Surely no one other than that architect of Franco-German cooperation, the uncrowned leader of the *Europe des patries*—the General himself.

Like most of de Gaulle's pronouncements, it is not so much a blueprint as a sketch. But it is one grounded in the growing desire of Europeans on both sides of the Iron Curtain to shake off the heavy hand of their protectors and bridge the chasm in the middle of the continent. And it rests upon the now obvious truth that Germany can never be united so long as Europe is divided. It is a vague plan, but it is based upon the realities of today's Europe, and unless Washington or Moscow can think of a better one, it is likely to become increasingly appealing to the Germans as they explore the painful choices that reunification involves.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE SPECTER OF THE POOR

Psychological defenses in the war against poverty

JOHN P. SISK

Given the competitive nature of the world in which we live (to say nothing of the competitive world out of which we have developed) it is inevitable that the most virtuous and pacific enterprises should be conceived of and verbalized as military operations. It is our habitual way of marshalling our resources and persuading ourselves that we mean business. So we have a war against poverty, implying with the phrase a readily identifiable enemy to whom no quarter will be given and from whom none can be expected. Unfortunately, in this war, some of the most formidable obstacles to victory are not in the enemy camp at all and are likely, therefore, to be given too little attention in the plans for battle. The results could be disastrous, particularly since this will be a war in which at best all victories will be limited.

One of the first obstacles standing in the way of an effective war on poverty is that of identification. Who are the poor and where are they? A quarter of the nation may exist below the poverty line, but that quarter, Michael Harrington tells us in *The Other America*, "is increasingly slipping out of the very experience and consciousness of the nation." No doubt, part of the reason is that the other three quarters of the nation more or less consciously want the poor to become invisible. At the same time, however, they more or less consciously also want to keep the poor visible in order to be able to identify themselves as rich.

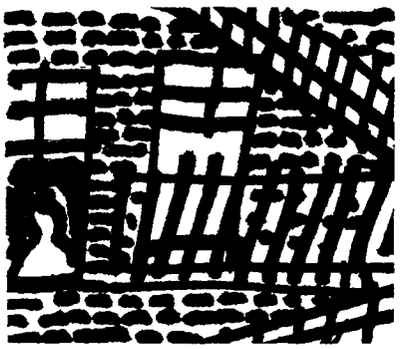
Once minimum human requirements have been satisfied, wealth becomes a relative thing that needs to be defined against poverty. There comes a point beyond which a high standard of living can be felt only if it is lived in the eye of a lower standard. In a very real sense, if everyone drives a Cadillac no one does. The man who drives a Cadillac needs to measure his affluence against the jalopy that respectfully pulls over to let him pass. The American enjoys his high standard of living in an awareness of the world's much lower standard. This is why any serious organized effort to alleviate poverty must anticipate resistance, often disguised, from large numbers of people who are afraid that it might be successful.

The rich have an ambivalence about technology that will qualify (and is already qualifying) the effectiveness of any all-out attack on poverty, which must depend on technology. They are highly susceptible to arguments found in such books as Jacques Ellul's *The Technological Society* that technology is on the whole a bad thing and that it points to the completely planned, rationalized world in which the individual has become obsolete. The rich therefore have a tendency to resist technology the way most of us resist the devil: where they can do so with least inconvenience to themselves. And they can resist it much more conveniently when it is being used to alleviate poverty than when it promises to increase their own comfort or their well being.

JOHN P. SISK, *chairman of the English Department at Gonzaga University, Washington, has contributed to* America, Thought *and the* New York Times Book Review.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is no doubt that most Americans are worried about the poor, but in the war against poverty this worry can be as much a hindrance as a help. Worry about the poor is as likely to be an expression of a fear *of* the poor as a fear *for* them. The occupational hazard of wealth is poverty, not only the poverty that is envious of it or to which it may return, but the



poverty that threatens its conscience. The poor may make the rich feel rich, but they also make the rich feel guilty and anxious, and the anxiety of the rich makes them hyper-sensitive to information about the poor. If the rich try to relieve this anxiety by accumulating more wealth they only increase their anxiety and their receptivity to more information.

Allaying Anxiety

In an effort to allay this moral anxiety, the rich resort to various devices. For instance, they shift the burden of guilt to the poor: the poor are poor because they are wicked or lazy or improvident or intemperate; because they are unkempt, filthy, messy, vulgar. They shift the burden to nature after the fashion of that social Darwinism that enthralled the American mind after the Civil War with the comforting doctrine that the poor were unfit to survive. Or they shift the burden to God, as Cecil Woodham-Smith in *The Great Hunger* represents Trevelyan doing: "The thought that the famine [the Irish Potato Famine] was the will of God was a consolation to him, and he hoped that the Catholic priests were making this clear."

Among the most effective of these conscience-buffering devices are the various romances which the rich (often with the cooperation of the poor) have developed about poverty. There is, for example, the romance of poverty as the school of success. In this story future candidates for wealth are on trial and their virtues are being formed. Poverty is the novitiate out of which comes by a certain ritual progression (early thrift, conspicuous orthodoxy, odd jobs, scrupulous avoidance of frivolous creature comforts, care of the widowed mother, night school, etc.) that first low-paying position which is the beginning of the inevitable rise to glory. This is the heroic pattern of the Horatio Alger stories, in which a mythical national hero eternally returns to repeat his origin in obscurity, his invigorating contest with adversity and his ultimate ascension to the upper reaches of the Earthly Paradise. In this story poverty is, like small business, the forge in which character is formed; therefore any serious effort to eliminate it arouses apprehensions closely related to that fear of trusts which, Richard Hofstadter has shown, is so intimately involved with the American Dream.

The Alger Hero is the opposite of Shaw's Mr. Doolittle, who in *Pygmalion* identifies himself as one of the undeserving poor who are "up agin middle class morality all the time." The deserving poor, of course, are stout champions of middle class morality. They condemn the undeserving poor for us by underlining the latter's betrayal of middle class sanctities. In the Alger stories, in fact, the deserving poor are the protectors of the rich. They are easily distinguished from the undeserving poor: the latter always want something for nothing; they live in eternal expectancy of what Barry Goldwater has called "the Santa Claus of the free lunch," and they aspire to violate that holy-of-holies, the taxpayer's pocket. Therefore, in the Alger stories they stay poor, or get poorer.

Then there is the pastoral romance of poverty in which the poor, by being closer to nature and the great fundamentals of life, are seen as being happier than the rich. Like Thoreau, they have learned to relish the simple, enduring pleasures. They are content with little and are not envious of the rich; they even recognize the heroic burden of the rich. These too are the deserving poor, possessed of many of the virtues of Alger's poor, but they deserve only to be let alone. Indeed, we even have a duty to let them alone, for they are probably happier than we are.

And there is the closely related romance of the spiritually detached poor, which depends for its force on the confusion of voluntary with involuntary poverty. These poor live in holy self-denial, separated from the temptations of the world and close to God. There is a deep spiritual satisfaction in their lives and a serenity in their faces. They have peace of soul; they keep out of the rat race; they have neither ulcers nor neuroses. They are decent, clean, orderly, law-abiding and God-fearing; they know their place and they treat us with proper deference. The thought of them is a great comfort to us: they represent the possibility of a life lived close to the bone. Their story exercises a countervailing force with respect to those other stories in our culture

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that give expression to our desire to live like gods in a sensual utopia.

The strong moral tone in these romances suggests the extent to which the rich are capable of using religion to protect themselves from the poor. Religion promises to keep the poor in line and properly respectful. The religious poor are not greedy or materialistic; they will do an honest day's work, they will not agitate for a closed shop, they will not rob the till; they will be grateful for all favors. Religion, it often seems to the rich, tends to turn all the poor into the deserving poor, and the deserving poor are always on the side of the rich.

The Poor Bore Us

Even our corrupted sense of news helps to protect us from the realities of poverty, even while we use its visibility to define our own affluence. Unless the poor are involved with otherwise newsworthy events they simply lack dramatic appeal and so cannot compete for our attention in a world in which events tend to have significance in proportion to their sensationalism. As Dwight McDonald put it once in a fine *New Yorker* essay: "There is a monotony about the injustices suffered by the poor that perhaps accounts for the lack of interest the rest of society shows in them. Everything seems to go wrong with them. They never win. It's just boring." To be boring in today's world is to commit the capital sin that covers a multitude of virtues.

Nevertheless, we fear the poor more than we are bored by them, and the fear is always there in some measure in our most generous moments, tending to frustrate our efforts to help them. The poor exist in our imaginations simultaneously as victims and as threats, but it is as threats that they have most urgent meaning. Domestic or foreign, deserving or undeserving, visible or invisible, they are around us in such frightening numbers, are so threateningly involved with us in technological change, that all our traditional devices ultimately fail us. Too much information about them is available in too many forms. They press on us like one of Elias Canetti's crowds.

A few years ago Mr. Canetti published in this country a powerful and at times disturbing book, *Crowds and Power*. Since for Mr. Canetti the most significant thing about a crowd is its existence in the mind as a crowd, some of his most powerful crowds are invisible. He helps us to see how important it is to define the poor not only in terms of privation but in terms of their existence in the minds of the rich. In the minds of the rich the poor very easily become a threatening crowd against which the whole laborious achievement of civilization is felt to be a precarious barrier. The poor tend to exist in the minds of the rich, then, as a great potential for destruction, an enemy always at the gates to be kept out in the name of the highest and holiest causes. And the rich are not only all those who exist comfortably beyond minimal levels of food, health, housing and education, but all those (including many of the poor) who fear the crowd of the poor. This is why it is so bad to be really poor: you are not only a hungry, shivering, unwashed creature, but in the minds of your fellow men you are a fearful reminder of the narrow margin of human life.

It is the fear of the increase-threatening crowd of the poor that makes us uneasy whenever the poor are gathered together in great numbers in our place. The poor must be kept moving, a fact that is powerfully documented in Orwell's *Down and Out in Paris and London*. If they stop moving and congregate there is always the fearful possibility that the envy and hatred which we imagine them to be consumed with may be organized into political action and discharged against us, with the result that we may be forced to share our hard-won and precariously-held affluence with them. Often enough, of course, sheer need forces the poor to keep moving, but the rich are inclined by their fear to assist nature. Hence the handout so often carries the proviso that the beggar be out of town by sundown.

But in modern technological society the same need that forces some of the poor to migrate forces others to congregate in their slum ghettos. In the slums the poor—the undeserving poor—are a fearful crowd again. The rich, who need the slums in order to identify themselves, nevertheless have an image of slum life that is distorted by fear, and so it is easy for them to envisage the slums as a kind of moral no man's land outside the pale of civilization. It is possible then to think of the privations of the slums as a direct result of, and even God's judgment on, the immorality of the poor. Hence, slum-clearing projects, which if properly conducted might actually help the poor, often do nothing more than activate a secret desire to disperse the dangerous crowd of the poor and force it to resume its eternal migrations.

From Fear to Hate

What one fears he can easily come to hate, and in the war on poverty one of the most formidable obstacles even to limited victory will be the hatred of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the poor. But the rhetoric, if not the spirit, of Christianity makes it hard for us to hate them. We must (prudently, of course) love the poor. But we can fear and hate the poor in the form of surrogates which, it seems to us, are quite properly, even virtuously, feared and hated. This indirect and disguised fear and hatred of the poor is a crucial and largely unrecognized factor in the crisis of our time. Perhaps it will ultimately be seen to have been *the* crucial factor, the one to which even the bomb should have been subordinated. It is in any event one of the chief reasons why anyone who speaks or acts out of a real concern for the poor must expect active opposition from extremists on the right and silent opposition from many who think of themselves as liberal or moderate. A concern for the poor is too readily seen as a mask behind which sinister forces are maneuvering to overwhelm us all—especially if that concern is expressed in the form of large-scale federal action.

Since such a specter has in it the potentialities of panic, it must be controlled. This assimilation of it to another specter, that of Communism, is an effort to control it. But in effect this is the merging of two highly charged metaphors, and any resulting economy is more than offset by the compounding of panic. However, once the specter of the poor has been so assimilated it is possible to give vent to one's fear and hatred of the poor with a sense of holy mission. For the specter of Communism then easily assimilates all that advances or pretends to advance the cause of the poor: medicare, social security, the Supreme Court (it orders integration, and the discriminated against are the poor), the income tax (it supports the welfare, poor-helping state), foreign aid (it goes to the undeserving, Communist-duped poor), the democratic system of government (it subverts society with its assumption of the political equality of the rich and poor). All can be seen as equivalent to, or terminating in, socialism or Communism or both. The specter of Communism even assimilates those elements of Christ's social gospel that have always made the rich uneasy, so that we have Christians who speak and act as if the New Testament needs to be filtered through Miss Rand's *Atlas Shrugged* or Robert Welch's *Blue Book* in order to remove from it all socialistic threats to freedom and private property.

The assimilation of the specter of the poor by the great metaphor of Communism is in effect an attempt to give the poor to the Communists, and at the same time to make the Communists the scapegoats for our own bad conscience about the poor. There is even the hope that the poor will overwhelm the Communists; hence our satisfaction when we learn that the Chinese poor are if anything getting poorer, that the crops have turned out badly in Russia or that life in East Germany is getting grimmer.

The war against poverty, then, is anything but a simple military operation. It demands intelligence and imagination of the highest order in the marshalling of private, federal and international resources; it demands the acceptance of limited objectives beyond which one is determined to push on to broader but still limited objectives; it demands honesty, courage and faith; above all, it demands charity. It demands, in fact, an abundance of those human qualities that are always in shortest supply.

Fortunately, however, the times have put us to school. It is becoming harder and harder for all of us not to see the refusal of the poor for what it is—the rejection of the human person and the refusal to accept as one's own the common burden of humanity. We have been learning—even the bomb has been teaching it to us—that we belong with those willful men about whom Regan in *King Lear* says: "The injuries that they themselves procure/Must be their schoolmasters." She is a wicked woman speaking of the father she has cast off, but she is right. So the old king goes out into the stormy heath to discover the "poor naked wretches" who with "Loop'd and window'd raggedness" must "bide the pelting of this pitiless storm"—and to realize for the first time in his life that he has taken "Too little care of this!" The discovery of the poor, who had previously been visible to him only as the definers of his own "proud array," is the beginning of his salvation. It could be the beginning of ours as well.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

BINK NOLL

THAT WINDWORTHY HOUSE

proves one more winter survived.
The prairie magnifies the house
as a pond between me and a voice
brightens that voice, makes it whole.

Grass fills with bugs making fresh selves.
Up the whole rise, dying has been changed
and incorruption wakes to a kiss
as the princess does in her glass box.

The house sings me down its certainties.
The orchard pollinates the heat.
The sense of it comes like a lark
to occupy my eye's meadow.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Union Malaise

REVOLT OF THE LEFT-OUTS

SIDNEY LENS

"What the heck does Dave have to do to be re-elected?" asked a discouraged supporter of David J. McDonald, recently defeated president of the AFL-CIO steelworkers' union.

"He got us good wages, three, four dollars an hour, thirteen weeks vacation each fifth year, better sick benefits, life insurance, a guarantee of a 32-hour week. He got us a swell program of supplemental unemployment benefits. And what do we do? We throw him out! I can't understand it."

His confusion is shared by others. Here was a man who had been union president since 1952, and before that secretary-treasurer, with the machinery of the organization in his manicured hands. On a purely dollars-and-cents basis he had "delivered" the goods. Yet he was turned out to pasture.

There is no explaining McDonald's setback (or that of Jim Carey in the electrical union) in traditional terms. Union factionalism in the 1930's or 1940's had political and doctrinal overtones. Walter Reuther's quarrel with the R. J. Thomas group in the auto union festered for a number of years over such questions as incentive pay, the wartime no-strike pledge, the strategy for the 1945-46 General Motors strike and similar issues. In the background were roars of debate over such items as the labor party versus continued endorsement of the Democrats.

But none of this or anything resembling it was visible in the Abel-McDonald campaign. There was no left or right, no Communist, socialist, or Trotskyist faction. There were no arguments over foreign policy in Vietnam, over proposals to nationalize the steel industry, over independent political action. There was not even a division between militants and non-militants.

Neither candidate could be called a firebrand. They had never quarreled publicly in their long association —Abel as Secretary-Treasurer, McDonald as President of the 1.2 million-member union—over whether to call or call off a strike. McDonald supporters, it is true, whispered in the corridors that "if you elect Abel you'll have a strike." But Abel seems no more strike-happy than his predecessor. He countered not by calling for more vigorous action but by promising that he would let the members themselves decide on a walkout through a national referendum—something that had never been done before.

Here indeed is a clue to the enigma. Abel was offering the membership *participation,* a role in decision-making, whereas under McDonald they felt bypassed. Abel catered to the same pervasive malaise which grips the present generation of university students. For in the labor movement as with our youth there is a restless feeling of *rootlessness.* The dues-paying members do not identify with their leaders—except in rare instances. They speak of "the" union, not "our" union. So that, just as the students rebel against an older generation which consigns them to multiversities and reduces them to ciphers, union men, in increasing number, are challenging lack of involvement in the Big Union.

In that sense the Abel-McDonald fight was a battle of the generations rather than a battle of ideas or strategy. Not all the younger people—perhaps not even a majority—voted for Abel (age 57). But there were enough disenchanted newer members who had joined in the postwar era to tilt the scales for a "change."

Just as the radical collegians in the Students for a Democratic Society are disinterested in ancient Stalin-Trotsky fights, so the dissident laborers are tired of hearing about past glories. "Don't tell me," said a rank-and-file worker in Gary, "what you did at Republic Steel's gates in 1937. I'm sick of listening to it. Tell me what you're doing at the Republic Steel's gates in 1965."

An Uneasy Man

The steelworker of the 1930's and early 1940's was a *desperate* man trying to break the shackles of low wages and poor conditions. The steelworker of the 1960's is an *uneasy* man, sick of being snubbed by the boss, by the government, and by the union. He does not care so much about a few pennies in extra wages, he wants a solution to local and immediate problems such as

SIDNEY LENS *is a long-time trade-unionist who writes frequently on social and economic questions.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seniority, incentive pay, job scheduling. He does not want to be just a dues-payer, he wants to *belong*. He wants to be heard and he wants to breach the union hierarchy which has been closed for two decades.

The malaise throughout American labor has been building up for a decade. In the steelworkers specifically it has been compounded by automation on the one hand and McDonald's rampant aloofness on the other. Not long after he assumed his post as president, McDonald made a tour of the U.S. Steel plants with the chief company officer, Benjamin Fairless. Members complained that while Dave had time to spend with the big brass he was seldom seen at local or district meetings. A few years later, when McDonald pushed through a dues increase to $5 a month, an unknown figure, Donald Rarick, ran against him for the presidency and received one-third the vote. There are old-timers around who will tell you that Rarick was given a fast count.

Be that as it may, instead of encouraging a sense of participation, McDonald expanded the policy of exclusion. At its inception the steel union was an "organizing committee"—Steel Workers Organization Committee. Its officers were *chosen* by John L. Lewis, then president of the CIO, and it was run from the top-down by his subaltern, Phil Murray. Local unions had no autonomy, and rank-and-file decision could be reversed. This technique was designed to keep at bay the hundreds of Communists and leftists who had been sparkplugs of the organizing drive. By the time the organizing committee was changed to a traditional union, the levers of power were so safely in Murray's hands he could do what he pleased with abandon—even to promoting his assistant, McDonald, who had worked in the mills only one summer while at school, to secretary-treasurer of the organization.

Yet, with all these defects, Murray forged a real following based on his warm personality and ability to mix with the lowly proletarians. McDonald never developed that quality. As the years went by—after Murray's death—he appeared more and more inaccessible. Decisions on wages and strikes were technically in the hands of a national committee of approximately 200 delegates. In fact, however, the final word rested with McDonald and his lawyers and technicians. Ratification and strike calls were on a *pro forma* basis.

In the auto workers union, Reuther has an elaborate system of communication. The "Reuther caucus" has a steering committee of 100 local officials who work in the shops. Before each convention Reuther calls them together to outline his proposals. Often he is forced to modify them, as he did a year ago when this steering committee insisted on a $300 a month retirement plan after thirty years service. During the convention period, Reuther convokes all the so-called Reuther delegates to discuss a slate of candidates. In the steel union this type of communication and involvement has been absent.

Nobody Consulted

There has been a growing feeling on the part of secondary leaders that "we can't get to Dave." He was seemingly too busy to see them; he seldom attended grass roots meetings. Even district directors and international officers began to resent not being consulted. At the last convention of the union, in 1964, Secretary-Treasurer Abel was not even called on to make a report. He sat on the platform blazing with anger.

Leaders of the union had been pressured for almost a decade to run an opposition slate, but at the last moment had been dissuaded. Even this year Joe Germano, director of the largest district with some twelve percent of the membership, tried to avoid a fight by easing McDonald out of office gracefully. He proposed a resolution by which no one could run after reaching sixty-five. Since McDonald is sixty-two this would have been his last term. Instead of taking the easy way out, McDonald reacted with hostility, and Abel and Germano decided, therefore, to yield to rank-and-file pressure.

The campaign, bewildering in many respects, showed no set pattern. Abel expected to win by more votes than he did because seventeen of the thirty-one board members supported him. If he did not do quite as well as anticipated, it is probably because workers feared a strike if the administration was changed. Even so, Abel's victory was the result of an appeal to the alienated.

In time-honored union tradition McDonald promised "more." If you elect me, he said, I will get you "total job security." He pointed to the Alan Wood plant near Philadelphia were he had negotiated indefinite supplemental unemployment benefits (running for as long as a man was jobless, instead of fifty-two weeks), and a guaranteed work-week of thirty-eight hours. He promised also to win a full pension after thirty years of service, even if the member was younger than sixty-five. But attractive as these pledges were, they could not offset the feeling of being left out.

Abel slashed away at "tuxedo unionism." A sticker he distributed read: "Dave's tuxedo leadership didn't work for us—Abel, Burke, Molony will." This image of McDonald in a tuxedo hobnobbing with the elite,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while rank-and-file union problems went unattended, was impregnable. The Abelites sneered at McDonald receiving an award from the National Conference of Christians and Jews, decked in a tuxedo, with Tom Patton of Republic Steel on the platform.

Instead of placing the main emphasis on bread-and-butter issues, Abel placed it on . . . participation. "We will restore," read his program, "rank and file control over basic policy. . . ." He pledged to "recognize local agreements as a vital part of the collective bargaining process." Nothing could have struck a more resonant chord with the steelworkers.

They had been grumbling for years that, while McDonald negotiated good national agreements, he left the local problems hanging in mid-air. Until this year the practice was to sign a national pact without waiting for mill-level issues to be resolved; and since the right to strike was thereby waived, the local unions had no leverage to gain their specific objectives.

The rank and file therefore has been chafing at the bit for many years. Consider one of their recurring complaints. The mills work twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, with workers alternating schedules. A man may be assigned for the 7 A.M. to 3 P.M. shift Monday and Tuesday, and then 3 P.M. to 11 P.M. for Wednesday, and the third shift other days. Or his work week may be staggered so that his two free days are separated—say on Wednesday and Friday. Under these circumstances it is difficult to adjust one's personal life.

Other rankling problems included incentive pay, seniority and crew size, all complicated issues which may have no significance to the uninitiate but are decisive matters for the men at the mill. In the auto union, during the last two negotiations, Reuther has refused to sign an overall agreement until the thousands of local grievances were disposed of. But in steel, until this year when the faction fight forced him to make concessions, McDonald has taken a different tack.

Another symptom of the difference between the two steel factions was division over the Human Relations Committee. This is a committee of management and labor which is charged with obviating friction and avoiding strikes on a continuing basis in between negotiation periods. Linked with it is the concept of "mutual trusteeship"—what used to be called labor-management harmony or labor-management collaboration. Mutual trusteeship fits the tuxedo image of high level, far-off deals, but not the gnawing rank and file feeling that it is being disregarded. Instead of collaboration Abel spoke of "*union* trusteeship." "Companies," he said, "can take care of their own affairs. We must look after the interests of the membership exclusively." He went on to charge that under McDonald "most of the bargaining went on in the back room," and that the policy committee was merely a "rubber stamp." Fortunately for Abel he has the flavor of a rank and filer. Through the years he has attended innumerable district meetings, and has partaken of a glass of beer with the boys like one of the crowd. He won the election because members believed that under his regime they would have some voice in deliberations.

As it was the razor-thin victory—by 10,000 votes—indicates that the malaise is still far from appeased. In Germano's district, though the whole staff and ninety-five percent of the 240 local unions endorsed Abel, he won by a mere 5,000—35,387 to 29,887. Germano, the most entrenched figure in the union, could not deliver a more solid vote. Was this the result of ambivalence on the part of the average member, who though "left out" on the national level, felt insecure at the district level as well? Was it because members do not attend meetings (at a local of 17,000 less than 300 show up; at a local of 2,500 there are usually less than 50) and therefore cannot be reached by staff men? It is not clear, but probably there was a little of both involved.

Labor's House Erupting

At any rate it is obvious beyond dispute that the quiescent house of labor, free from factionalism for more than a decade, is erupting in dissidence. The institutionalized facade is being punctured as a new generation is demanding its rights, demanding to "get in." Jerry Wurf, a maverick from New York, upset veteran Arnold S. Zander for the presidency of the American Federation of State, County & Municipal Employees last year. William Pollock of the textile union, George Burdon of the rubber workers, and W. A. "Tony" Boyle of the independent miners', all had opposition this time. In Chicago an unknown group of musicians defeated Jimmy Petrillo as President of Local 10 of the musicians', a job he had held for decades. Even in conservative organizations such as the bricklayers and operating engineers there is an increasing number of local contests.

The most sensational upset of all, even more than that of McDonald, was the defeat of James B. Carey of the International Union of Electrical Workers (IUE) by a district director, Paul Jennings. Carey belongs to a different part of the trade union spectrum than McDonald. He is militant, in some respects even radical, where McDonald is the personification of a "labor statesman." He is a hard worker who feels out of place in swank places, where McDonald, according to col-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

umnist Victor Riesel, "is the connoisseur of our finest restaurants . . . from New York's Colony Restaurant to the latest rendezvous in California's burgeoning desert." Carey heaps nothing but vitriol on the employers he deals with, where McDonald is careful not to offend.

Yet Carey faced the same kind of revolt that McDonald did, and succumbed—after the Department of Labor recounted the ballots—by an even greater margin. Those who opposed him ranged from militant elements to conservative ones.

Here again, however, the issue was not ideology or militancy, but uneasiness. Because the union has been weak in dealing with General Electric and Westinghouse, Carey tried to centralize operations. One of his proposals at the last convention called for the dues check-off to be sent directly to Carey's office and then funneled back, after deduction of per capita, to the local union. This is the practice in steel. But members were afraid this would eventually mean control by Carey of their locals and of the regional directors who are elected by the locals. Jennings gained a ready ear when he raised the specter of centralized power, and Carey contributed to his own defeat by his undiplomatic nature. No one could argue with his militancy or his dedication, but he has had too many quarrels with too many subordinates in recent years to be reassuring. Like McDonald he failed to consult associates on key issues, and presented the image of a man trying to build a machine. In his defense, it must be said that he honestly believed that more power was needed at the top to coordinate the fight against management. But the fears of the rank and file refused to be allayed.

There is definitely a new mood in and around labor's portals. So far it cannot be classified either as "progressive" or "reactionary." Many of the local officials who won office in the auto union a year or two ago—where there was also a large number of incumbents defeated—were far from exemplary militants by all accounts. The disputes have hinged so far on localized and peripheral matters—autonomy, plant condtions, unresolved grievances. Labor's ossified structure and traditionalist program is not yet under fire, and whether it will be remains to be seen.

But as with the rampaging, alienated students, who began by challenging their deans over intramural matters and ended by protest against Vietnam, it is possible that the uneasiness here too will spill over to more significant problems.

As one old-time steelworker put it in a leaflet he distributed supporting Abel, "this is a breakthrough."

NEW WIVES' TALE

THE STAGE

Friends of Lionel Abel's "The Wives" have been circulating a petition asking the public to respirate the play for a spell. A nice gesture (and we should all have such famous friends), but I doubt if it will work. The petition claims that "The Wives" is better than most of the trash showing on Broadway these days, and this very mild attempt at persuasion (as it might be an ad saying, "better than the trash you've been reading lately," or "tastier than a lot of the junk that goes into your stomach these days") proves to be just about what the play is worth.

"The Wives" is indeed better than most of the trash showing on Broadway. It is literate, intelligent and, things being as they are, fully deserves its gentle, slightly peevish petition. (The petitioners add that "some of us liked it more than others," a formula which in another context might serve warning of a watered-down *schema.*) Since it probably reads as well as it acts, "The Wives" could be called a literary man's play as against a theater man's play—and I imagine that its admirers had something like this in mind; but even this would be putting it too strongly. Unless you take literary to mean simply the opposite of theatrical, and to be largely determined by tone and donnish ingenuity, "The Wives" does not quite make it as literature, either. It is simply an elegant curiosity, and no occasion for manifestoes or street-rallies.

The fact is that this kind of hybrid of comedy and tragedy is extraordinarily hard to pull off, and the wish should not be taken for the deed. Mr. Abel has taken the "Trachiniaie" of Sophocles and has replaced the tragic "fuse"—the great doom-poetry, the slow, inexorable approach of the flame to the dynamite—with a comic one: so that when the detonation finally arrives we don't know whether to laugh or cry and we do neither.

The problem here is intrinsic to the story, which hinges on the innate dignity of the two protagonists, Heracles and Deianara, and their superiority to ordinary mortals. Comedy goes well enough in the first act where we are shown the ordinary mortals, but not so well in the second when Heracles and Deianara take over and flounder rudderless between seriousness and parody. The first act consists mostly of a clatch of average Trachinian housewives discussing the ups and downs of marriage in routine French farce style—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the husbands they are always unfaithful and the wives they would like to be too, married love fades and can only be revived by trickery, etc.—heavy stuff, but more or less justified by the contrast it will provide later (only more or less justified, because there is an awful lot of it and because this kind of stale, undeviating cynicism should be left to bachelor-uncles, who really believe it).

In the second act, the subject is mythologized. The shirt of Nessus is introduced as a symbol of the trickery that keeps married love alive. So long as Heracles (who has been having a spot of psychiatric difficulty) wears this shirt, he will love his wife Deianara with every ounce of the old zing. The moment he takes it off, he is in trouble; he runs the risk of becoming a French-farce husband again.

The tragedy is that Deianara will not settle, like the other women, for a love based on deception. She and Heracles are Mediterranean creatures for whom lines and colors must be clear, not blurred. So she makes him remove the shirt—and immediately he ceases to love her. When he tries to put it on again, it strangles him.

Now there is no way for this to be comic and the author doesn't try to make it so. But it isn't anything else either. Tragedy demands that Heracles and Deianara have genuine stature—but Heracles at least has been presented so far as a buffoon. And a buffoon with a tragic flaw is nothing to cry about. The scene where he gets strangled makes an astonishingly slight impact: comedy and tragedy have not synthesized here but cancelled out, and the audience feels nothing at all. Which means that a lot of preparation has been wasted, and that organically the play is a freak.

In the final moments, Zeus tries, semi-successfully, to rescue it at least as a cerebral exercise, with some wry philosophizing: but this is not what we have been promised. We have been promised a piece of action under a remorseless Greek sky, not a professorial satire. It is suggested in the prologue that the story could just as well take place today, and this is all-too true; whether it could have happened then is another question. At times, it sounds like a series of fragments from a lost play by Menander, pieced together and interpreted by a whimsical psychology professor: but even this might be all right, if "The Wives" didn't also try to accommodate, pointlessly and uncomfortably, the big, tragic emotions as well.

But at that, it *is* better than a lot of the trash you've been seeing, and even in its present indifferent production, is probably worth a quiet look if you're in the neighborhood. (*At Stage 73*) WILFRID SHEED

MOUNT ST MARY COLLEGE

HOOKSETT, N.H.

A Liberal Arts College for Women conducted by the Sisters of Mercy

FULLY ACCREDITED

For complete information, address

THE REGISTRAR
Mount St. Mary College
Hooksett, N.H.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONE MAN'S HOBBY

THE SCREEN

It is to be hoped that movie goers who attend "The Collector" (and they will be many once word gets around about what an outstanding film this is) won't think that all young men whose hobby is collecting and mounting butterflies are as batty as the anti-hero of this unusual story. Freddie is a twentyish, mousey bank clerk who, besides his passion for collecting butterflies, has a compulsion to be loved by Miranda, a young art student who's as attractive as any butterfly in Freddie's collection. It isn't likely that Miranda would even notice plain Freddie. So when he wins 71,000 pounds in a football pool, Freddie buys a sixteenth-century farmhouse in a lonely part of Sussex to house his butterfly collection—and Miranda. He kidnaps the girl and keeps her in his basement.

If this movie weren't so well done, and with such extraordinary good taste, it would be just one more flamboyant thriller dripping with frightening terror and decadence. It certainly has its scary and suspenseful moments. But the story, which stems from John Fowles' novel, is enhanced by the good production of Jud Kinberg and John Kohn, by the thoughtful script written by Kohn with Stanley Mann, by Maurice Jarre's musical score, by the stunning color photography of Robert Surtees and Robert Krasker, and most of all the first-rate direction of William Wyler. It comes as no surprise that the director of such memorable pictures as "Roman Holiday," the 1959 "Ben-Hur," "Mrs. Miniver," "The Little Foxes," "The Heiress," "The Best Years of Our Lives," and others through the years should turn up with another winner. What is perhaps most unusual about "The Collector" is that it has no established, big-name stars, but two young actors playing the leads and, under Wyler's direction, giving top-notch performances.

Terence Stamp, who was fine as the angelic blond hero in the movie version of "Billy Budd" and equally effective as the lecherous bounder on the stage in "Alfie," does another quite different and startling portrayal as the psychopathic Freddie. He smoulders with passion for the girl of his dreams, but captures her as impassionately as he would a butterfly. According to his lights, he never mistreats Miranda; the basement in which he keeps her is outfitted with her needs and desires in mind. He only wants her love, but he is canny enough in his schizophrenic way to argue with her and even to reject her when she tries to use sex to win her freedom. Stamp makes us understand Freddie, his twisted mind, his gleams of reason, his occasional violence, and his ridiculous, sedate behavior.

Samantha Eggar, a promising performer as the girl in "Dr. Crippen" and as Patricia Neal's trampish sister in "Psyche '59," shines in "The Collector" as the captive who is first baffled by her captor, then fights valiantly in a losing battle of wits.

No doubt Wyler's greatest feat throughout this highly dramatic plot is his success with these two young actors, whose performances are always believable and restrained. The suspense is terrific. My only complaint is that the two-hour running time is too long, especially for the denouement when it finally comes. No doubt Fowles' ending had to be kept. But the let-down at the finale is almost masochistic. Nevertheless, for those who can take it, "The Collector" is a skillfully designed spellbinder: they won't be bored, but they may be scared to death.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

SOUPY AND THE MOUSE

ETC.

The three most lucrative industries in the United States are soap, breakfast cereals and toys—if one is to judge by the amount of television money spent on advertising them. The sales pitch for two of the three is aimed at children 12 years of age or younger, and recently a great campaign has been launched to make soap acceptable to that age group in the form of such products as Crazy Foam.

It is scarcely surprising that the line between children's programming and television for adults is a hazy one. No one has been able to determine the time of evening when the children's hour may be said to end. When the toddlers have been yanked off to bed the advertising switches from Banana Wackies and the Jingle Jump (a cereal and a toy respectively) to pimple cures and hair goos touted to the accompaniment of contortions by professional teen-age sexpots. Just about the only adult fare left is the neo-pornography of the midnight talk fests and a Late Late Showing of Martha Raye in *Mountain Music*. The great virtue of television is that you don't have to decide what you like. Just turn it on.

As a discriminating adult, however, the problem has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been solved happily for me until recently—at least during the daytime hours—by my affection for Popeye cartoons and, in descending order, Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Augie Doggie and Doggie Daddy, Woody Woodpecker, Deputy Dog, Gandy Goose, Casper the Friendly Ghost, Huckleberry Hound, Heckle and Jeckle, Little Lulu, Bozo the Clown, Betty Boop, Astro Boy, Magilla Gorilla, the Flintstones, and The Mighty Hercules—not to mention that nameless bearded farmer in those ancient Commonwealth cartoons. All you have to do is flick on the old Eye, anytime from early in the morning till about seven-thirty in the evening. The big networks have their share of them but locally particular thanks go to Metromedia's Channel 5. On 5 they show so many cartoons that the human beings look animated.

Channel 5 has been the hero—or the villain—of a new development in the field which threatens to disrupt the entire industry. It has certainly unhinged me complete. This development is known as the Soupy Sales Phenomenon.

Soupy Sales is a human being and that is his legal name. He used to sell kids on the idea of eating their soup for lunch, ergo the name. All the children's programs have what might be called a master of ceremonies, whose chief function is to surprise the tots into watching the commercials. Some of these MC's are marvelously funny people, as for example Chuck McCann and his imitation of Little Orphan Annie; others are slightly frightening, like Romper Room's gimlet-eyed Miss Barbara—but mostly they are just Daddy Acting Silly—or they strive for that effect. They are nearly always men (Miss Barbara and Carol Corbett suggest why) and, like Daddy, they are tolerated.

Now comes Soupy! Soupy is a personality! Soupy comes from North Carolina by way of the West Coast and he has taken the Big Town by storm. Soupy has no intention of playing second fiddle to Betty Boop and if a cartoon gets on his show it is only over his screaming objections. The program opens and closes with a shaving-cream custard pie in Soupy's astonished face and is filled out largely with dialogues between Soupy and various off-stage characters, including a dog (or is it two dogs?) ten feet high. At some point Soupy may do The Mouse, a dance of his own creation which consists largely of exposing the incisors and wriggling the hands like mouse-ears.

His success has been astonishing. The old Paramount Theater was reopened for the express purpose of displaying Soupy to his adoring public. He expends enormous amounts of energy, much of it in attempts to keep himself from laughing his head off. He and his off-stage cohorts break up not so much easily as continuous-

THE PRIESTHOOD:

A vital, contemporary challenge to mature men

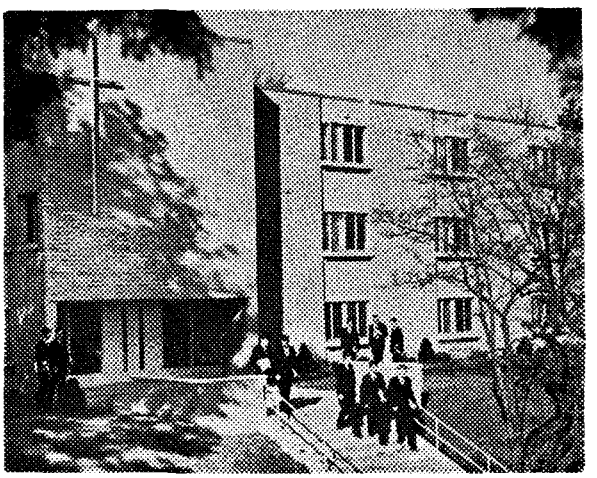
The Church is finding today a substantial answer to her acute vocational problem in adult candidates to the Priesthood.

If you have the desire to become a priest of God, but because of age or insufficient scholastic background believe yourself unprepared for immediate acceptance into the usual minor or major seminary,

Then study for the Diocesan or Religious Clergy at

HOLY APOSTLES SEMINARY

Cromwell, Connecticut



Serving the Church Universal in one of her flourishing new apostolates, Holy Apostles Seminary is devoted exclusively to the training of adult vocations to the Priesthood. Conducted by the Missionaries of the Holy Apostles, it is fully accredited and offers its own Bachelor of Arts Degree.

The curriculum includes:

- **Accelerated Latin for Beginners**
- **Two years of Liberal Arts**
- **Two years of Thomistic Philosophy**

Students who are interested in following only one or two sections of the scholastic program before transfer to their final clerical destinations, are welcome. Minimum age for admission is twenty years, and sponsorship by a bishop or religious order is required only for applicants who are forty years of age or over. Individual curricula are worked out to meet the specific needs of each student.

For further information write to:

Director of Admissions
Holy Apostles Seminary
Box 20
Cromwell, Connecticut, 06416

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly while they lay their elaborate preparations for an outrageous pun or a violent bit of slapstick. He flings himself around perilously. Occasionally one of those strange groups of children with funny hairdos and electric guitars come on and spell him a bit. On Saturday he runs a segment of his serial entitled "The Adventures of Philo Qvetch."

Soupy's TV scheduling has been moved forward and forward from daytime into the prime evening hours to catch the grown-ups. I think of this, at least, as an adult public, but probably it is so only in the sense in which the word is used in the phrase "adult television." The median age of Soupy's following is about seventeen. That is to say they are members of that class which have replaced the Communists in threatening a world take-over. They are the real adults in the sense of being the power group which commands respect. And Soupy is their leader. WILLIAM JAMES SMITH

BOOKS

From nineteenth-century piety to aggiornamento

Journal of a Soul

POPE JOHN XXIII

McGraw-Hill $7.95

LEO HINES

The private legacy of Pope John, if less brilliant and dramatic, is no less impressive than his public. They are, not surprisingly, of a piece: serene, progressive, intelligent, warm, his private and public legacies, the one bequeathed in the form of *Journal of a Soul,* the other in the form of a great Council. The figure of Good Pope John animated both and with a most agreeable and firm and dedicated presence.

There are moments when one might wish he had read less of Father Faber and more of Monsignor Knox. There are, too, moments when one holds one's breath at the almost unbelievable purposefulness of his whole life. In the first instance he seems, especially in the youthful entries, almost too susceptible to certain aspects of the romanticism of the nineteenth-century piety which attracts him—the exclamations, the self-abasement, the quasi-melancholic serenity of the solitary ascetic.

But in the second instance, the purposefulness, the nature of the organic whole emerges. Here was a man who daringly exploited a system of asceticism as successfully as a great poet exploits a minor art form: for there are few spiritual writers in this hard-headed century of ours who would agree that the way to perfection is through so innocent a passage as his early romanticism afforded him. Indeed, there are many in the Christian world who would willingly relinquish to him the dedicated notion of obedience which is undergoing so radical a reappraisal in many areas.

As *Romanita* diminishes, loneliness of enterprise and adventure increase. He would perhaps have appreciated this if spelled out with the clarity that was so strikingly characteristic of his mind: so long as you offered better reasons than that metaphysics requires it, or the majority favor it. Philosophic thrust was not for him, the way of the crowd was not for him. His journal scarcely touches the abstruse, or mentions friends, except those related to him by a spiritual function, though it is impossible to believe he was not a most affectionate man. Similarly, he barely mentions his family, though there is a tremendously moving letter to his brother at the end of the volume (far different from the self-conscious seminarist's letter to his parents, who must have shaken their heads a little sadly at the sermonizing).

Redundant as it seems, his spiritual way, for all that it was carefully preserved for posterity, was an intensely personal one—as well as being highly stylized. His singular purity, his fierce renunciation of "self-love," his fidelity to daily devotions, betray a man of the most utter sternness and self-discipline: but the effect was kindness. The conventional way of Father Faber was not so conventionalized as not thus to become highly stylized. Pope John did not like to be smiled at, for example, yet he was, it would seem, too shrewd not to see that every non-Italian would be thrilled by the very Italian-ness of, "Oh the children, the children, what a wealth of children and what a blessing!" He endeared himself, as strict people often do, in spite of himself, because one of the monumental secrets of Christian asceticism appears to be that the way of holiness is the way to a charming personality.

The arresting statement has been made that his piety was post-Tridentine. Father Faber, and the Jesuits who gave him his favorite retreats, are surely post-Tridentine. But *The Imitation* to which he had constant recourse, whatever the date of its publication, is medieval to the core. And so indeed are his other mainstays the Missal and the Breviary—testamental *and* medieval. Perhaps his devotionalism, to the Reserved Presence, to the rosary, to the device of composition of place, are, in sum, post-Tridentine.

But there is more to it than that. John XXIII had a keen sense of classlessness. He loved poverty because he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

believed that that is safer for a holy man. But at the same time he was so intensely proud of being Bergamesque, so intelligently sensitive to the art works of the rural as well as the urban Italian churches, that one senses in him a man who rose above the cadres of historiography: the cadres of medieval and post-Tridentine, of lower-class and middle-class, of crude and sophisticated. Perhaps a man cannot live so vividly in the presence of death as he did without a certain (however unspoken) disdain for the figments which modern man has imposed on his own mind and which would exclude, by the doctrine of historical determinism, whole masses of men from whole masses of life. Nobody excluded him.

Stations

BURT BLECHMAN

Random House, $3.95

Drive, He Said

JEREMY LARNER

Dial, $5.50

DAVID I. SEGAL

. . . such convictions in the mouths of safe, comfortable people playing at crisis, alienation, apocalypse and desperation, make me sick . . . things are grim enough without these shivery games. People frightening one another—a poor sort of moral exercise.

—From a letter by Moses E. Herzog

It has taken almost twenty years for "the Bomb" to get into serious fiction. From the two examples at hand, it seems to be as deleterious to the novel as it has been to our foreign policies and domestic politics, but with opposite results. Whereas in politics the effect of the bomb is to impose rigidity and a narrowing of possibilities, in literature the effect seems to be the destruction of distinctions, an open season for undisciplined spleen and the personal hostility of the writer. It appears that the probability of total destruction shrivels the possibility of moral distinctions, without which fictional action is trivialized and the novel turned into a grab bag. The result is books filled with despair, but it is not enough to show us despair on the page. We are all desperate.

Burt Blechman, in *Stations* and Jeremy Larner in *Drive, He Said* enjoy too much both their despair and their lack of discipline. Larner is trying to write about the terror of catastrophe and Blechman the catastrophe itself, but they are not up to their subjects. They have replaced specific moral insights with a diffuse attack on contemporary American life, full of gags and technical experimentation. The books have energy, but energy cannot replace insight; their books fail, both as art and preaching.

Blechman's book is more ambitious and less successful. His failure is particularly disappointing because it follows his interesting, if overrated, *The War of Camp Omongo,* which was an attempt to use a middle-class, Jewish boys' camp as a microcosm of America. *Stations* has very little to recommend it, save the energy of fury. But energy without discipline is only exhausting, and fury ought to be what an artist starts with, not the entire content of a book. The title indicates the range of his confusions. *Stations* refers to the New York subway system (with particular emphasis on the men's rooms); also the stations of the cross; also one's station in life.

Blechman has set himself the almost impossible task of writing about the day which, his Olympian narrator tells us, is the start of World War Three. The book opens with a fable, equating humanity with a race of insects, mindlessly marching to war and destruction, each social and biological subdivision intent on its own destruction, each social and biological subdivision intent on its own need: slaves on working, males on mating, and so on. This easy analogy establishes the tone of the book. His characters, like the insects, are non-people living in a complex and irrational dung pile.

The focus of the book is 901, ex-male-prostitute, fake medical student, clerk in an insurance company, making his pleasureless way followed by Dom, a vice squad cop collecting blackmail from deviates in order to pay for the nice middle-class wedding of his daughter. There are two main lines to the novel. Besides the chase of 901 by Dom, seen mostly from 901's point of view, there is the dropping of the bomb. "Our Leader" is continually making speeches about peace, while he secretly prepares to press the button. The lines meet in the end, when Dom finds 901, and the bomb, by mistake, falls on New York. What is being asserted here is that we are all so dehumanized that we no longer even have names; that we are led by fools and hypocrites who have a mad sexual connection with the hydrogen bomb. This is the stuff of nightmare, not fiction. One has the sense while reading the book that this is Blechman's nightmare, and that he loves it. There is, God knows, enough horror in our world to satisfy any satirist, but by going beyond the credible, Blechman ends by saying nothing.

Blechman has a powerful hypnotic effect and apocalyptic vision, but his novels lack both the language to *truly* say, and the controlling myth to *truly* show. He is, I think, at an artistic dead-end. One step past The Beats, he is asserting that life is not redeemable in any terms, not even sexually. He has gone further than any one else in the current crop of black humorists (I am thinking for instance, of Stanley Elkin, Thomas Pynchon, Joseph Heller and Mordecai Richler), and in a way he has come out the other side into a purely private world.

Jeremy Larner, on the other hand, is working a sunnier, and more available corner of the black school. Sexual failure represents for him failure to experience life, with the saving corollary that if you can redeem the one you can redeem the other. His book is also post-beat, but in an even less interesting way. His characters talk the scene than they make it; having read their Kerouac, they are programmatic about proper responses. His two main characters have written on their wall, "Square—self-control. Hip—the right reaction," but if you got to have the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

motto, it won't do you much good.

Larner is working in a hip attitude learned from books, rather than an earned one. Unlike some of the other writers mentioned above, he lacks an interesting and idiosyncratic point of view, which is essential for the success of the loosely structured comic novel which they all write. His attitude is that life is so terrible that the only possible reaction to it is amused detachment—but we have all been here before. The trouble with most of these books is that they are so freely written that they finally bore the reader with cleverness. (In the most successful of them, *Catch 22*, war provides Heller with the discipline of a unifying context and a primary target.)

Drive, He Said is set in a college town near New York City, during a future crisis between Russia and the United States. Throughout the book there are radio flashes keeping the reader up-to-date on political developments. These bulletins, in their conventional rhetoric, act as background and comment on the action. Larner, like the other writers working this mode, uses bits of the real world, advertisements, political slogans, popular songs, as a kind of Pop Art collage. These familiar phrases, occurring in a novel, make us examine the surface of our life, in the same way that we view a constructed large carton of Brillo, appearing in an art gallery. They are also intended to be amusing in themselves, and to represent what is inimical to honesty and spontaneity, and so to life itself.

The use of these nuggets of bad taste is clever, and the response to them is honest, but the targets are too easy. Advertising is not the enemy; it is merely one of his weapons. Larner and the others are comparable to Pop artists in that they attempt to isolate a piece of reality and thus give it shape and make a significant comment on it. But I think that after the initial shock of seeing (or reading) a piece of familiar banality in a new setting wears off, the final effect is—banal.

Larner's hero, an intellectual called Gabriel Reuben, decides that an unhappy athlete, called Hector Bloom, is looking for new meanings for the new realities of the hydrogen age, and is an adequate symbol of contemporary confusion. Gabriel distinguishes between himself and "the officially good students, some of whom, he knew, were much more proficient than himself, because they tried so trustingly to be 'rational'—i.e., to force whole sets of old learned vocabularies between themselves and the lives they were leading . . . Gabriel wasn't rational and he knew it. He was after something realer and larger than the definition of words." This alienation from "old learned vocabularies" is genuine, and gives *Drive* its force. The trouble is that Larner has not tried to devise a new vocabulary. He uses hipness, but the language of hip is by now as conventionalized in its way as was the rhetoric of *Urn Burial* in its time.

Unfortunately Larner's and Blechman's books are mostly a torrent of assorted connections that do not hold. They are, like the Theatre of the Absurd, an assault on the audience. My quarrel with them isn't that we don't deserve to be attacked, but that the assault does not usually have the precision of the television-toilet association. If someone throws a glass of cold water in my face I will feel attacked, but not deeply, nor for long. If someone shows me a picture of myself which I recognize as truly me, and ugly, then I will be essentially attacked.

We all know that we live in a time of insane brutality and that we are on the brink of final disaster. But brutal novels about disaster commit the Fallacy of Expressive Form. The particularly squalid homosexuality coupled with the final hydrogen mistake of Blechman's novel, and the egregious rapacity of Capitalism and the senseless violence of Larner's have the power to stir because they reflect what is worst in our culture. But both these writers are playing "shivery games." Having thrown the water in my face, and got my attention, they proceed to do nothing but throw other things at me. They show us pieces of our world, and these pieces are indeed ugly. But these bits, because they are so strong in themselves, create an appetite for the real thing: the coherent and moral evocation of our immorality and incoherence—which is both truly our world, and truly ugly.

Sigmund Freud: A Short Biography

GIOVANNI COSTIGAN

Macmillan, $4.95

Sigmund Freud: The Man and his Theories

GERARD LAUZUN

Eriksson, $5

MARION K. PINSDORF

Apparently the greater the man and the deeper the emotions his life evokes, the more uneven the biographies. Sigmund Freud's life is related in the scholarly, already classic, three-volume study by Ernest Jones, a member of the Inner Circle, an intimate associate of the master and the movement. But, even greatly condensed, this scarcely tempts the casual reader. Giovanni Costigan's book aims for just such interested laymen. It's like meeting a famous man through a warm-hearted, perceptive friend, for Costigan, unlike the second author, Lauzun, seems to have enjoyed the company he kept with his subject.

Costigan deftly involves his reader in the drama of psychoanalytic advances, with each discovery which left Freud exposed, alone, cast out of Viennese society and professional circles for both his Jewishness and his candor on sexuality. All the sadness of the breaches with Breuer and Fliess, as well as within the psychoanalytic movement itself are there, as are Freud's personal agonies—the repeated surgery to stem the cancer, then the discomfort of a large prosthesis. But even as he encourages this involvement by the reader, Professor Costigan discourages curiosity by stripping his work of footnotes and an index. It's annoying not to be able to track down a quote, to seek in vain for attribution. Also, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

author indulges in digressions, which, even if not germane, are of interest.

Why did a professor of history (at the University of Washington in Seattle) choose to write about Freud? The answer is evident on one of the very last pages as Costigan lines up with Erik Eriksson, author of *The Young Man Luther: A Study in Psychoanalysis and History*, and with historians who deem Freud's technique a valuable adjunct to conventional historical training. Costigan concludes, in reviewing Freud's influence on many fields: "History and psychoanalysis have much in common; each aspires to a condition of science in respect of (sic) goals and methods, yet in the last resort, because of a deeply embedded and inescapable subjective element, each remains an art. . . ." He urges the method be used in studying problems of war, revolution, dictatorship, and democracy, in assessing how much revolutionary leaders project their dislike of "daddy" onto society. But, even Costigan admits, ruefully to be sure, that historians have resisted more than most the advantages of psychoanalysis. But let the historians, who are choosing their barricades anyway, settle that one.

Costigan's book, a short biography, for the general reader, lives up to its billing; Lauzun's work, touted as a "Profile in Science," doesn't even approach its aim. It includes, in addition to the biographical section, excerpts from Freud's writing and Stefan Zweig's "Wider Horizons in Old Age," possibly the best piece of writing in the book.

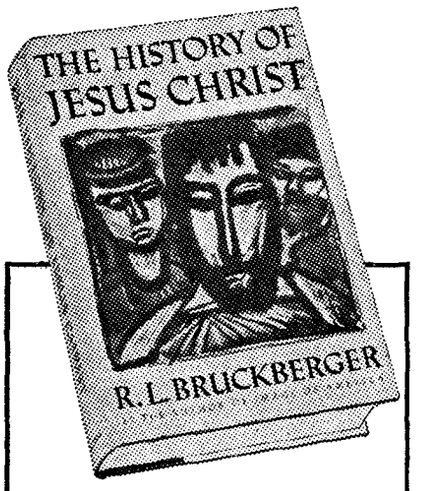
Lauzun's tone is snide, subjective, and insensitive. Let the author—or maybe the translator—speak for himself. Freud, during his hospital years "was as determined as ever in his pursuit of the threefold prize, 'power, prestige, and wealth.'" Or that "all his spare time was passed in the laboratory and in writing to his fiancée, whose mother had judged it wise to leave Vienna." The "punishment" hardly fits the "crime."

The author also chides Freud for a weakness which actually was one of his greatest strengths and contributions. "Freud seemed bent on making his life difficult and banishing himself to the fringe, professionally speaking. He seemed unwilling to understand that there were things one could say and certain others which one couldn't say and that morality and right thinking were based on this tacit suppression." Freud contributed so much precisely because he did strip away the hypocrisy around sexual attitudes, because he exposed sweet, innocent childhood for what it was. His not playing the verbal game, not bowing to the accepted but hollow, even harmful codes is the core and the contribution.

But Lauzun is inconsistent, too. On page 41 he raps Freud's knuckles for being overly dependent on friends, for his quixotic attraction, then repulsion toward the same person. On the very next page, though, the author quotes Fliess as saying: "Freud's intellect is soaring at its highest. I gaze after him as a hen at a hawk." Granted Freud did seek paternal figures upon whom to lean or with whom he could share ideas, but many of these friendships shattered, as is implied by Fliess' remark, when Freud soared and his associates remained earthbound.

An author, though, will be forgiven much, if a reader feels he is a sensitive, intelligent guide. But, unfortunately, Lauzun doesn't measure up here, either. Writing of the cocaine incident, Lauzun says: "Freud resumed his experiments on diabetics, sufferers from seasickness, and on his friend, Fleischl, whose terrible pain he successfully relieved but in whom he gradually induced a fatal state of intoxication, leading through delirium tremens to death after six years of agony." Jones, but not Lauzun, carefully documents Freud's own agony. He bitterly regretted his decision, even though Fleischl clutched at cocaine like a drowning man. Actually, Freud had no reason to think there was any danger; he took the narcotic himself, sent it to his fiancée, Martha Bernays.

Just a few more quotes: ". . . he (Freud) met a diffuse, generalized anti-Semitism (and everyone knows what this turned into during the inter-



"I hope there will be many who will take his book into their hands, for I am convinced that believers and unbelievers alike will profit from it, provided they are of good will."

—from the Preface by EUGÈNE CARDINAL TISSERANT

Unlike any other volume on the life of Christ, R. L. Bruckberger's lifework conveys the human aspect of the suffering and triumphant man of the Gospel storjes, presenting Him as the continuing and central challenge of the present day. Imprimatur $8.50

THE HISTORY OF JESUS CHRIST

by R. L. Bruckberger

author of Image of America

THE VIKING PRESS

New York 10022

A superbly illustrated history of the Ecumenical Councils

THE POPE AND THE WORLD

by Anton Henze

This luxurious volume covers all the councils including the recent Twenty-First. It reveals personalities, intrigues, manners, and customs through the centuries, in material from old texts, paintings, drawings, and many contemporary photographs.

184 illustrations $8.50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

war period.) Or "Once upon a time . . . there was a man who lived in Vienna." A fairy tale for high school and college students, for scientists—the book's announced audience.

Even though the author points to the anguish of World War I, notes that this breakdown in reason was the first stage in the development of Twentieth-Century total war, his words, "To us nowadays, it is true, the whole thing looks incredibly mild," in context, still shock. Certainly Freud reacted far differently as both Costigan and Jones relate. Like many men of his day, Freud assumed wars would break out periodically, but considered civilization itself indestructible. After the guns that August had exacted their still horrible toll and the war was reported in thousands of dead for inches of gain, Freud was forced to admit how fragile civilization really was, how thin the veneer that covered the barbaric impulses of mankind. Writing of the disillusionment of barbarous wartime behavior he said: "In reality our fellow citizens have not sunk so low as we feared, because they have never risen so high as we have believed, (that mankind had become civilized)." Toward the end of his long life, Freud viewed life with a gloomy countenance, made so because his eyes had seen so much gloom.

"THE USUAL MISTAKE *most Americans make in dealing with people of other nations stems from the notion that 'human beings are more alike than unlike' and the rather idealistic determination to treat others as one would like to be treated oneself: 'What would my reaction be if I were in his shoes?' The American is not aware that to be in somebody else's shoes is to be another man altogether.*"

For the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, send 25¢ to Dept. C-6, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N. Y.

Classified

● RATES: 30c a word 12 words minimum, Centered lines: $1.80 a line
Discounts: 3 times 5%; 7 times, 10%; 13 times, 15%. Payable with order.

World's Fair

● N.Y. WORLD'S FAIR. Tourist accommodations in private home. Walking distance to Fair. MRS. F. ROBERT CHINKEL, 137-54 Geranium Ave., Flushing 55, N.Y. 212-LE 9-0180.

Teaching Positions

● WANTED: Apostolic minded college graduate to conduct Kindergarden in Southern mission parish. Reply: CATHOLIC CHURCH, Brevard, N. C.

● WANTED: Teacher with training and experience in Montessori Method. Students ages 3-7. Start September. School located Nation's Capital. Write: ST. AIDAN'S SCHOOL, P.O. Box 4121, Washington, D.C. 20015.

Appeal

● NATIVE INDIAN PRIEST urgently needs funds for farm to support and house 50-plus homeless boys. REV ALBERT Z. MUTHUMALAI, S.J. Dhyana Ashram, Madras 28, South India. *Airmail, 25c.*

Max

DAVID CECIL

Houghton, Mifflin, $6.95

BERNARD BERGONZI

"Doesn't anyone write short biographies any more?" This complaint first inserted itself into my mind with some force when I read the late Christopher Hassall's life of Rupert Brooke, which devotes several hundred pages to documenting the life of a man who died at the age of twenty-eight. Sir Max Beerbohm lived through a normal span of years, but as Lord Cecil rather plaintively remarks on the first page of his biography, "Max's life was so uneventful that it is almost impossible to make a story of it." Nevertheless, by aiming at producing a portrait of Beerbohm and his mind, he has managed to stretch his account out to five hundred pages.

Two hundred, it seems to me, would have made a better book, and would have enabled Lord Cecil to highlight more effectively the really interesting things about Max Beerbohm's personality and career. As a man he was engaging but odd: after his early precocious impact as caricaturist and essayist he remained, in a fairly literal sense, a dandiacal ornament of the London literary scene for several years. He succeeded Shaw as theater critic of the *Saturday Review;* he wrote some memorable reviews though he never really enjoyed the theater and was horribly tormented by the need to produce copy to a weekly deadline. When, at length, he resigned he was never to take up a regular paid job again. It was part of Beerbohm's life-style that he preferred to live with his parents on a small private income supplemented, when he chose, with the proceeds of drawing and writing, to any serious thoughts of a career.

Despite this deliberate standing-back from life Beerbohm was a man of ready feelings, and he liked girls, particularly actresses. In the early nineties he fell in love from across the footlights with Cissy Loftus, a celebrated fifteen-year-old comedienne: he wrote elaborately whimsical letters to his friends proclaiming his passion, which appears to have been genuine enough while it lasted. Subsequently he was engaged to another actress for a very long time; the engagement seems to have been more sustained by Beerbohm's sense of duty than by any profound devotion on his part, and eventually it was broken off.

Finally, at the age of 38, Beerbohm married Florence Kahn, a beautiful but rather forbidding American actress; this marked his farewell to London, and for the next forty-five years, apart from the periods of the First and Second World Wars, Beerbohm lived in quiet retirement in Italy. The decision to retreat there with his wife was the solution to a problem that had gnawed at Beerbohm for years: how to find enough money to support a wife without taking a regular job. Italy, where the cost of living was so much lower than in London, was to provide an ideal answer.

Lord Cecil doesn't attempt a critical discussion of Beerbohm's work, which I feel is rather a pity, since one is needed. He was, of course, an ex-

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

REVIEWERS

LEO HINES *is a free-lance writer and critic. He has taught at Boston College and the University of Wisconsin.*

DAVID I. SEGAL, *a frequent contributor to these pages, is an editor in a New York publishing house.*

MARION K. PINSDORF *has published critical writings in various magazines. She is presently doing public relations work.*

BERNARD BERGONZI *is Visiting Professor of English at Brandeis. He is author of the forthcoming book,* Heroes' Twilight.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quisite artist, whether in words or with a pencil, and his works are capable of giving a real and enduring pleasure. But "exquisite" is, after all, a rather back-handed compliment. To restrict oneself to Beerbohm as a writer, it is evident that his gifts for parody, witty fantasy, and sheer exuberant elaboration of the absurd, pointed to verbal powers that might have achieved far greater things than he ever attempted. He was, of course, a lazy man; and psychologically pretty complicated. That much emerges from Lord David's book, even though he avoids too much probing into motives. In a sense the exquisite trifling of most of Beerbohm's output may have been partly an effect of Oxford, which seems to have deflected other clever writers into parody, fantasy and self-conscious wittiness rather than into a fuller use of their powers—one thinks of Ronald Knox.

Not, of course, that one would wish any of Beerbohm's works unwritten or even written differently. His early essays in particular—those collected in the precociously named *Works of Max Beerbohm*—are marvels of tone and inventiveness, and they offer a brilliant insight into the more attractive aspects of the nineties. In his personal style, Beerbohm seems to have cultivated a dandyism that almost rivalled Wilde's, though it was marked by a cool restraint rather than by flamboyance. And unlike Wilde, Beerbohm, who was happiest in the role of knowing observer, never confused life with art.

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 427*)

poor into the fight against poverty, are there any true representatives of the under- or unemployed poor on these councils?

The "Lil' Abner" type of episode I referred to involved the Hazard and Harlan, Kentucky hospitals. An unemployed miner was hit in the arm in a shooting accident and taken by car from his home to the Hazard hospital (a few minutes' ride). The hospital has no independent staff doctors as it did when it was operated by the United Mine Workers and it is, therefore, dependent on the good will and cooperation of the private doctors in the community. Hazard has been short on this kind of good will. When the injured man arrived at the hospital there was no doctor on the premises. Futile efforts were made to reach a doctor, and finally the injured man had to be driven to the Harlan hospital, some 40 miles away. (I referred in my article to the "delay involved in getting to the nearest hospital *equipped* to treat the injury." The most important piece of equipment missing in Hazard was the doctor.) When the patient arrived at the Harlan hospital he was told that X-rays would be required and that perhaps the X-rays would show that surgery would be necessary and that both would be expensive. Since he had neither a UMW card (he had been unemployed for several years) nor a state medical card and could not meet the costs himself, the only help he received at the Harlan hospital was the suggestion that, since he was a veteran, he should try the veterans hospital in Johnson City, Tennessee, more than a hundred miles away.

This report was corroborated by Tom Gish, editor of the Whitesburg, Kentucky, *Mountain Eagle*, who checked it out with the aid of local doctors. Mr. Gish adds that "we hear stories like this two or three times a year—and for each one that we hear about there are probably more that we don't hear about." (Incidentally, I was mistaken about one fact in my article. I reported that the man was shot in the leg instead of the arm. I confused his story with that of a neighbor of his who was shot in the thigh and waited more than an hour at the Hazard hospital for a doctor.)

Thus, when Mr. Easterly notes that in the first 14 months of their operation ARH hospitals provided "patient care worth in excess of $412,000 free of charge to persons who could not pay their hospital bills," he should

SUMMER SESSIONS

LITURGICAL WEEKS

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND: June 21-24; PORTLAND, OREGON: August 16-19; CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: August 30-September 2. Registration, $5. Hotel reservations and special housing on application. *Inquire:* The Liturgical Conference, 2900 Newton Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20018.

TRAVELING SEMINAR IN EUROPE

Co-sponsors: AMERICAN UNIVERSITY and INSTITUTE OF EUROPEAN STUDIES. June 27-July 20. Cambridge and London, England; Maredsous, Belgium; Tubingen, West Germany; Basel, Switzerland; Paris, France. Professors Karl Barth, Gunther Bornkamm, Joachim Jeremias; Rev. Hans Kung; Dr. Hans Urs von Balthasar; Rev. Francois Biot, O.P.; Rev. John Bligh, S.J.; Dr. Jean Bosc. *Inquire:* Institute of European Studies, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601.

PSYCHOLOGY AND EDUCATION OF EXCEPTIONAL CHILDREN

TRINITY COLLEGE, Burlington, Vermont. July 4-17. Drs. William J. Tisdall and Robert Smith, University of Pittsburgh. *Inquire:* Director, Special Education Workshop.

MADONNA HOUSE

Combermere, Ontario, Canada. Seventeenth Summer School of the Lay Apostolate. For young single men and women. Weekly terms commencing: July 5, 12, 19, 26 and August 3. Tuition, room and board, $30 a week. *Inquire:* Registrar.

For further information write to the address given for the Session in which you are interested.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

specify whether this care is actually free, even for poor people who are not covered by any welfare or insurance plan, or whether it is paid for by, say, the United Mine Workers or the state. (For the first three months of this year, for instance, the Whitesburg hospital treated a total of 937 patients: 564 were paid for by the United Mine Workers, a government agency or workmen's compensation; 112 were paid for by Blue Cross; 116 were paid for through other insurance plans; 18 were employees; and 127 were self-paying.)

Whether the ARH hospitals are technically public or private—a circuit court judge in Whitesburg has ruled that the hospital there is private—is not as important as whether the community leaders who oversee the hospitals in their locales are living up to their responsibility to see that the hospitals are "administered in the best interests of the people." There must be representation on these local councils of the under- and unemployed poor—for whom the ARH hospitals are most essential—if "the best interests of the people" are to be accurately determined and the hospitals of Appalachia are to avoid any resemblance to the creations of Al Capp.

STEPHANIE HARRINGTON

Commonweal for May and June:

New criticism in the Church—Dialogue with Marxists—On landing the Marines—The Dickens revival—Should students go south?—Steps toward Protestant unity—Furore over gas warfare—Jesuit aggiornamento—Illusions about poverty—Heterosexual backlash in the theater—The agonies of South Africa—Terror in the streets?—The poor housing program—Malaise in the house of labor.

Did you miss any of these articles? Read Commonweal regularly to keep up with the most important and provocative current thought.

----------17 Issues for $2----------

For New Subscribers Only

COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016. Enclosed is $2. Please send the next 17 issues of Commonweal to:

Name .....

Address .....

City, State, Zip .....

6/25/65

Gas Warfare

Bethesda, Md.

To the Editors: In the May 7 issue of COMMONWEAL, Julian Pleasants offers a defense of the development and use of "humane" chemical and biological weapons. We would like to make the following observations in reply.

Dr. Pleasants cites a precedent for germ warfare: the frequent occurrence in past wars of devastating outbreaks of disease. But the prospect now is quite different. It is the dissemination of diseases among alien populations on a planned and deliberate basis as a matter of national policy. For such a grim event, the spontaneous events of the past offer no precedent whatsoever. Indeed it would represent a complete reversal of the humanizing progress of medicine.

Dr. Pleasants states, "In theory it should be possible to produce a non-fatal, non-propagating disease which would attack 100% of those who received the proper dose . . .", i.e. a "humane" biological weapon. On the contrary, it is in theory quite impossible to produce such a disease. It is inconceivable that a uniform dose could be administered to an uncooperative population; and even if it could, the effects would vary in a generally unpredictable way according to individual susceptibility. The only safe prediction is that in a civilian population, death and disablement would occur most often among its most defenseless members: the infirm, the elderly, and, yes, the children. The secondary effects of widespread disease in an urban area—disruption of fire-fighting, medical, and other essential services—might be even more catastrophic. We would ask that a civilized nation make certain minimal demands of any weapon that it proposes to use. In particular, when the user of an agent has little or no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

control over its delivery and spread, especially from combatant to non-combatant, then the moral justification for its use is slim indeed. The enormous practical difficulties in designing a biological agent which could overcome this objection are obvious.

Are chemical agents likely to be more "humane" than biological ones? True they are non-living and therefore unable to propagate and disseminate themselves. But any doctor familiar with the agonizing slow death from overdose of certain toxic chemicals will certainly question the word "humane" as applied to this class of agents. In addition, as with germs, individual response to a chemical will vary widely, and delivery of a controlled dosage in actual war circumstances is difficult to imagine.

Army officials concerned with chemical and biological warfare research like to emphasize the prospects for development of more "humane" weapons. Yet it is no secret that the agents which the Army has in fact been stockpiling are lethal or permanently crippling. Dr. Pleasants himself reminds us, though in a different context, that the increasing brutalization of mankind was already displayed in the last war (to speak here only of the Allies) in the slaughter by bomb of hundreds of thousands of civilians in German and Japanese cities. Can we really expect in the next war that commanders, on whatever side, will refrain from using the lethal chemical, biological, and nuclear weapons lying ready to hand, in favor of milder, more "humane" agents which might by then have been developed? No, far from replacing the destructive weapons of the past and present, newer weapons are likely onlv to supplement them.

In offering the foregoing critique of chemical and biological weapons, we have not intended to give a favorable appearance, by contrast, to "conventional" or nuclear weapons. There is no question, to paraphrase Dr. Pleasants, that napalm, saturation bombing, and nuclear bombs neither confine injury to the minimum necessary level nor discriminate adequately between combatants and non-combatants. But we feel it is dangerous for the public to be deluded about the alleged "humaneness" of gas and germ warfare in disregard of military facts, medical truths, and common sense.

Far from deploring, we welcome the instinctive revulsion that people everywhere still feel for gas and germ warfare—there are even yet some bounds to the insanity toward which the world seems headed. We ask that all good men seek to channel their decent impulses onto a path left unmentioned in the article: not pacifism; not one brutal form of warfare or another; but arms control, disarmament, and the elimination of the causes of war.

The undersigned are members of the Washington, D.C.-Physicians for Social Responsibility. The national office is: 416 Marlborough Street, Suite 17, Boston, Massachusetts, 02115.

CHARLES AUGUST
MARY BAZELON
DONALD L. BURNHAM
E. JAMES LIEBERMAN
FRANK MARCUS
JUDITH L. RAPOPORT
STANLEY I. RAPOPORT
DAVID SAVITZ
ROBERTA SAVITZ

Reply

Notre Dame, Ind.

To the Editors: The criticisms raised by nine members of Physicians for Social Responsibility are all valid criticisms against any mode of bacteriological warfare that I know about or can imagine as being close to reality. I thought that my article made that clear. If not, their comments provide a necessary supplement to it.

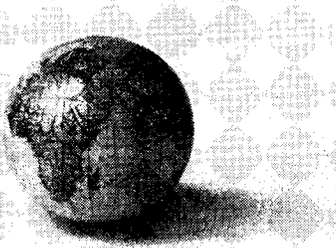
Since, however, they raise the specter of injury to the aged and the children of the civilian population, and apply it even to any *conceivable* mode of biological warfare, it appears that I need to clarify certain points. Although doctors are aware of it, the general public may not stop to think that there are infectious diseases that are not communicable (person to person). San Joaquin Valley fever is one such (I am not recommending it). The spores of the fungi that cause it are grown in the soil and blown through the air to their victims. Also, diseases normally carried by certain insects would not spread in the areas where those insects did not exist. My purpose in outlining the role of bacteria in historical wars was to contrast those non-controllable epidemics (which our ancestors initiated when they turned war loose) with the possibility—admittedly theoretical—of a non-propagating bacterial mode of warfare.

When the letter attacks even this theoretical possibility, then it is clear that they have simply made up their minds in advance that nothing could possibly be both more effective and more humane than present weapons. I suppose it is due to the difference between a medical and a research viewpoint that I refuse to close my mind to a desirable possibility in bacteriological or chemical research, even if it seems at the moment as impractical as the possibility of general disarmament. And I consider such mind-closing socially irresponsible. I also wonder how the world which results from arms control or disarmament is going to be policed. With what weapons?

I also consider it socially irresponsible to rely on instinctive revulsion, based on certain mental images, to make our moral decisions for us. I should hope that all men have an instinctive revulsion against sticking a knife into another human being. Yet surgeons do it all the time. Surgery, like war, is based on the concept that some situations require doing a certain amount of damage to prevent a worse evil. If surgery is now considered a humane activity, if the revolting mental images of it have disappeared in the last century, this is primarily due to the development of chemicals—anesthetics, antiseptics, analgesics, antibiotics, tranquilizers—whose structure and mode of action could not even be imagined in 1800. Do surgeons deny the possibility of a comparable evolution in war-making? History is not on the side of those who react to new ideas by saying: It can't be done. JULIAN R. PLEASANTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can't make a career out of the Peace Corps,



but what a place to start

The Peace Corps can't offer you a career. You serve only two years. But in the Peace Corps, you'll learn more about yourself than you could learn anywhere else. More about what you can do. More about what you can give and what you can take.

There are over 300 different job categories in the Peace Corps. There's always something to do. So if you want to start doing something *important — join the Peace Corps.* You can get more information by writing: the Peace Corps, Washington, D.C. 20525.

Published as a public service in cooperation with the Advertising Council.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED